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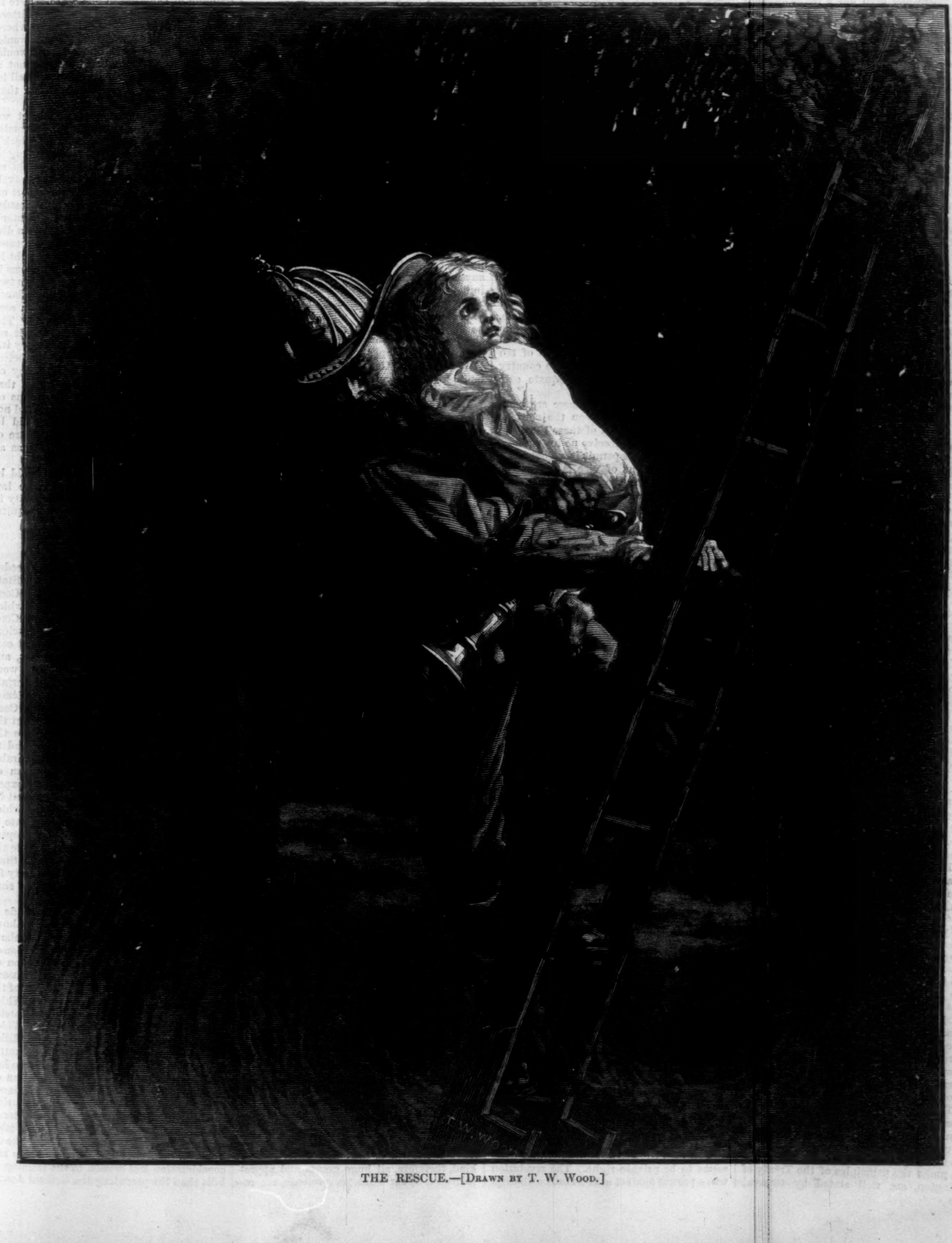


THE RESCUE.—[Drawn by T. W. Wood.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1873.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY our readers will receive gratuitously an EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing the conclusion of GEORGE ELIOT'S

"MIDDLEMARCH,"

a large installment of

"LITTLE KATE KIRBY,"

and other interesting matter.

EL DORADO.

THE announcement of the Samana Bay Company was very dramatically managed. There had been but a vague rumor of the enterprise, when suddenly all the morning papers published the brilliant statement which revived the romance of the old East India and other great companies of other times and countries. For a small rent of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a vast territory in San Domingo, with the finest bay in the West Indies, upon the great route of travel and commerce, is leased to the company with all substantial rights short of absolute sovereignty. The bay of Samana is thirty miles long and ten miles broad. It is sheltered from gales. It is accessible to the largest ships, and is very easily fortified. The San Domingo Commission say in their report that to a power which has occasion for a fleet in the West Indies the value of the bay as a coaling station can not be exaggerated. It is, moreover, the outlet of the great central plain of the island, La Vega Real, which is the richest region of the country, and the territory ceded to the company is most fertile and salubrious. Santiago, the chief city in La Vega Real, is, for inland trade, the most important in the island, and all communications would be very easy.

The charms of San Domingo are undeniable. Its enchanting spell is seen in the earliest Spanish accounts, and in the report of the Commission and the recent letters of Dr. HOWE. This glamour of romance hangs over the proposed enterprise. And undoubtedly, if the Yankee character should remain unchanged by the soft touch of the tropics, there is no bright dream of the projectors which might not become real. But neither the Spaniard nor the Northern American has ever flourished under the equator. The British and French and Danish West Indian colonies have hardly advanced civilization. The teeming soil, the balmy climate, the beauty, the glory, of those regions have never produced men who are masters; and men of the master races who have gone thither have found them as fair and fatal as the Trojan heroes found Circe's isle. The new company, Dr. HOWE tells us, goes as a friend of the natives. It means to give them the spirit and the results of modern times. It will, he is sure, elevate and improve and bless those dusky children of the sun.

It will also, we presume, hope to lease a coaling station to the United States, to divide splendid dividends, and to enrich its share-holders. It expects, also, without doubt, to enjoy the protection of this country for its colonists who do not renounce their citizenship, and it believes that the immigration which it invites will naturally lead to the Americanization of the island, and its ultimate admission as a State to the Union. The real question, however, as we have hinted, is the ability of the company to conquer the influence of the climate. The contest to be waged with it is subtle and elusive. No commercial enterprise ever began under auspices apparently more flattering. The inhabitants are but a handful; there are probably not two hundred thousand in the whole country of San Domingo, and in the Samana region very few indeed. The people are mild, the authorities most friendly. The natural resources and opportunities seem to be boundless. The rent is nothing. The concessions are enormous. Yet the very charm which draws the company is the very foe that it must encounter.

The enterprise will be regarded with the utmost interest and sympathy. And while the history of Europe on that island is most tragical, let us hope that that of America may be fortunate. Annexation, under existing circumstances, we have always opposed as unwise for this country; and under the new company we shall acquire all the advantages of annexation without the responsibility. The company establishes American ascendency, and so disposes of the spectre of foreign occupation, and the Union obtains a coaling station, the peculiar necessity of which at easily accessible points around the globe, under the principles of the Treaty of Washington, are well stated by General BUTLER in his speeches upon that treaty. There are so few local disadvantages, the country is at once so rich and so healthful, living is so easy, and there are so few of the usual tropical annoyances of reptiles and insects, that a large immigration is not improbable if the first measures of the company are generous and sagacious. There are few or no venomous snakes in the island, and a thrifty New England family settled at Samana Bay for two years found that the house could be kept clear of insects as easily as in our Northern States.

The company is purely a commercial association, and its members have no other connection with our government than is enjoyed by every American citizen trading in a foreign country. But the possible results of the enterprise are so interesting—for it is the first organized, intelligent, and powerful advance of the North American practical genius upon South American and tropical passivity—that the whole world will eagerly watch the development of "The Company of the Bay of Samana, of San Domingo."

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

IN the New York Constitutional Commission Mr. OPDYKE has proposed the compulsory attendance at some school of all children in the State between the ages of seven and fourteen years of age, for three months in each year, when their health will permit. It is a point to which general attention can not be too constantly directed, and it is quite time that a country whose welfare depends upon intelligence should take active measures against the malign power of ignorance, which is so rapidly increasing. The problem of our population is complicated by immigration. No other country is situated in this respect as we are, and while in none is the obligation of general education more imperative, there are not a corresponding activity and determination to secure it. We fail of a duty readily performed if we ever permit this country to fall into the perils that now threaten England mainly because of the ignorance of the mass of the people. Our population is somewhat more than 38,000,000, and more than five millions and a half of that number, of the age of ten years and over, are illiterate. The country should take summary and adequate care that this evil be remedied.

In the city of New York there are more than 300,000 persons between the ages of five and twenty-one, and of these there are more than 21,000 who receive no instruction. The State should not permit it. That ignorance is the parent of vice is one of the commonplaces, and the hand of authority should be laid upon every one of those candidates for crime. The practical question for society is whether it will have prisons or schools. The State should force children to school, that it may not be obliged to force men to jail. "We shall save in prisons," said DURUY, the French Minister of Education, "what we spend in schools." Yet education has been always backward in France, and ten years ago thirty-three per cent. of recruits in the army could not read, while in Prussia only three per cent. were uneducated.

The advantage of a compulsory system, as Mr. BEECHER mentions in his lecture, is that it presently ceases to be compulsory. Thus the habit has become so strong in Germany, and the public advantage is so great, that even were the law abolished the general schooling would continue. In the free city of Frankfort there is no compulsory law, but the children are sent to school as regularly as elsewhere. Meanwhile the coincidence between the extension of education and the diminution of crime is every where observable. In France, ten years ago, there were eighty-one per cent. of criminals who read and wrote imperfectly, and thirty-eight per cent. who were wholly illiterate. In Baden, where especial and strenuous efforts were made for the improvement of education, the remarkable fact is that in eight years, from 1854 to 1861, the number of prisoners fell from 1426 to 691, the number of thefts from 1009 to 460, pauperism decreased by one-fourth, and some of the jails were closed for want of prisoners. Of course some of the worst criminals are educated men, and what is technically called education will not alone produce the millennium. But the influence of a general system of education, as we see in this country, is moral as well as intellectual. The mere association of children for an intellectual purpose begets self-respect and regard for admirable things. It develops their humanity, so that in a strict sense the elementary studies may be truly called the humanities.

In this country the necessary course of our political development has somewhat obscured the proper right of the state to insure its own welfare by an invasion of what seems to be private right. The revolution was a protest against a false state authority, and appealed naturally to individual right. Our chief subsequent political struggle was with slavery, and also necessarily emphasized the same right. The theory of the limited function of government has driven us near to CARLYLE'S *laisse-faire*, or the doctrine that the community is merely to keep its hands off private action or inaction. And there are those who think that they have exhausted sound political philosophy and the whole science of government by asserting that the state is merely an agency to secure individual liberty. But while there is much truth in this statement, it is not the whole truth. How to make that agency most efficient for its own purpose is a question which such speculators are apt to evade. The state Post-office and the state schools, for instance, which advancing civilization more and more approves, involve the concession of the right of the state as a state.

It is a subject which in our jealousy of state usurpation has never been properly considered in this country, and which the whole question of education will lead us to discuss more thoroughly. Mr. OPDYKE in his constitutional proposition, and Mr. BEECHER in his lecture, speak for an intelligent public opinion, which is already powerful, and will become controlling.

STOP AND CONSIDER!

IT is time for Congress to consider. The history of the Crédit Mobilier, the revelations in the case of Senator CALDWELL, and the propositions of grants of land and of internal improvements involving enormous subsidies of public money, have arrested public attention. It is often desirable that public aid should be given; but there are those who seem to suppose that government is to do every thing which can be declared useful to the public welfare, and that the public money is a fund to be diverted to any purpose which can command sufficient influence. One bill gives away 23,000,000 acres of the public land, and another gives 320,000,000 acres. How much this is may be inferred from the fact that the area of the State of New York is 28,000,000 of acres. Upon what principle is all this to be done? Is it enough for Congress that there is the land in the country, and that the money can be raised?

With the knowledge that we all have, and a knowledge acquired by bitter experience, there can be no doubt many of the projects which have been suggested, however desirable for many reasons, could hardly be carried out without combinations and corruptions which would endanger the government. The subject of internal improvements to-day is very different from that with which CLAY and WEBSTER and the men of their time grappled. The constitutional argument, indeed, remains unsettled, and will always remain so until some express and positive grant or prohibition is inserted in the Constitution. But the expediency of such measures as are now proposed must be determined not by asking whether the work might not be a public benefit, but whether the consequences of the inevitable methods of making the work would not be a public injury. The tendency of capital to consolidation, the immense power which great companies are acquiring by union, the dazzling dishonesty to which they resort to secure legislation, the consequent demoralization of public feeling, and the contemptuous disregard of the true purposes and principles of government, should lead every man to ask whether it is not possible for the prospect of immediate and vast prosperity to delude us as fatally in our day as the sophistries and profits of slavery deluded another generation.

We do not, indeed, share the feeling that is often expressed upon this subject, and which seems to consider that even money granted for schools is a robbery of the people. For unless the fundamental law restrains them, the people have the undoubted right to say what shall be done with the people's money. But they should see the force of principles and tendencies. And in the present situation they can hardly fail to perceive that we ought to pause. If the schemes of improvement which have been proposed are so plainly profitable, why have not capital and enterprise engaged in them? The moment that they demand enormous public subsidies they throw suspicion upon the arguments of their advocates.

Undoubtedly the country is now disposed to think that when a great grant is pushed through Congress it is not because Congress is convinced that the public welfare really requires it, but because unscrupulous means have been used to secure it. We do not mean, and we do not say, that the country believes Congress to be corrupt. Yet it not only believes, but recent disclosures enable it to know, that Congress is surrounded by corrupt influences. All legislation of this kind, therefore, all huge grants and appropriations, under whatever pretense, are regarded with suspicion. Let Congress move very cautiously. The country sees that the lobby, at least, is full of "skilled talent," ready to exert itself wherever "it can do most good."

PUBLIC SECURITY AGAINST FIRE.

WE have received several responses to our article of January 4 upon the insecurity from fire of most of the public halls in the country. Two gentlemen in Utica immediately became a committee of visitation of the "New Opera-house" in that city, of which they report most satisfactorily. They emphasize especially the fact that the outer doors open outward and the inner swing either way, and that plenty of doors, broad passages, and easy ascents offer every chance of swift escape. Moreover, the janitor had timed the departure of an audience of two thousand persons, and found that it took eight minutes. The hall is heated with steam, and the committee are glad and proud to believe that there is not a safer building of the kind in the State. Here is an admirable example. Such committees are easily constituted in every town where there is a public hall, and their report would have very great local interest, and would doubtless be of great benefit. Will not a committee of safety report upon the hall in Manchester, New Hampshire, or upon that in New London, Connecticut?

In speaking of the general subject we mentioned the report of the Fire Commissioners in this city stating that in Wallack's Theatre there was an iron stove standing in the painter's room, which they thought so dangerous that they had ordered its removal. We are now glad to say that the report of the Commissioners, which is just made, states that "the stove in the scene-painter's room is protected with zinc, and is at a distance from any wood-work," which means, probably, a safe distance. "Every light in and about the theatre and dressing-rooms is protected with wire baskets. There are two watchmen on duty at night, whose vigilance is attested half-hourly by a telegraph connected with Mr. WALLACK'S residence. The house seats a thousand persons, and it requires ordinarily four minutes to empty it." This is well; but it would have been better if the report had said, as it does say of Booth's Theatre, "Every appliance that could give safety is in use: the means of egress are ample, and the inspectors did not find any fault." This is what should be truly said of every building. A theatre or public hall should not be pretty safe, as an egg should not be pretty good.

Such inspections and reports should be often made and published; and the law should aid the general sense of security in such places by the most stringent requirements.

A BLOW AT THE LOBBY.

THERE are a few great and greatly needed reforms in the fundamental law of the State of New York which the Constitutional Commission will probably propose, and which can hardly fail to be adopted. The Commission is evidently composed of sagacious men who are familiar with the present condition of the science of government, and who understand the situation. Their work will probably be a suggestion of certain manifest improvements, and not an attempt to recast the Constitution. And the Commission can have no better guide than the new Constitution of Illinois, which is the most advanced instrument of the kind in the world. Indeed, one of the admirable advantages of our system of a union of States is that such necessary political experiments, so to speak, can be tried without involving the whole country. Changes which are found in the experience of one State to be positive improvements can be adopted almost without debate in others, while the comparatively limited area of a single State affords the most convenient opportunity for testing the value and practicability of such changes.

The chief change that should be made in New York—a change which experience shows to be most desirable to simplify and, above all, to purify legislation—is the abolition of special legislation. At the last session of the New York Legislature about a thousand bills were passed. At the last session of the Illinois Legislature about seventy. Which legislation was probably the more intelligent, useful, economical, and honest? Which afforded the most opportunity for "skilled talent" and for "log-rolling?" Mr. MEDILL, the Mayor of Chicago, a gentleman who had justly great influence in the formation of the new Illinois Constitution, and who is one of the soundest and most practical political thinkers in the country, says, in a letter to the Honorable ERASTUS BROOKS, a member of the New York Commission, that the Illinois Legislature "devoted more care and consideration last session to the framing of bills than the preceding ten General Assemblies all together. And it was the only Legislature in twenty years that adjourned without the taint of corruption, jobbery, blackmail, or bribery upon its skirts. It passed more well-considered and useful laws—repealing at the same time defective ones—than its predecessors in a dozen years...... It was the first Legislature since my residence in the State that was not 'run' by the lobby."

Mr. Medill does not, of course, attribute these good results to any one provision in the Constitution, but the prohibition of special legislation is one of the most efficient causes. It is a terrible blow at the lobby, and "skilled talent" derides it as visionary. But Mr. Brooks has proposed as an amendment to the New York Constitution a prohibition of special legislation like that already adopted in Illinois, and the good effects of such a provision are not limited to the Legislature. Not only does it destroy so much utterly ignorant legislation—for what can a member from Suffolk County know of the bridges and other local necessities of Chautauqua?—but by restoring to the local communities the care of their own affairs, it throws upon the citizens of those communities the responsibility of their local legislation. If the country is substantially to govern itself, the men of intelligence in it must actively interest themselves, or they will suffer.

We suppose there is little doubt that the Commission will submit an amendment of the kind suggested by Mr. Brooks, and we therefore add the text of the provision, which, as we said, is in substance the Illinois section, which has produced the most admirable results:

> The Legislature shall not pass local or special laws in any of the following enumerated cases, that is to say, for
>
> Granting divorces.
> Changing the names of persons and places.
> Laying out, opening, altering, and working roads or highways.
> Vacating roads, streets, alleys, and public grounds.
> Locating or changing county seats.
> Regulating county and town affairs.
> Regulating the practice in courts of justice.
> Regulating the jurisdiction and duties of justices of the peace, police magistrates, and constables.
> Providing for changes of venue in civil and criminal cases.
> Incorporating cities or villages, or changing or amending the charter of any city or village.
> Providing for the election of members of the Board of Supervisors in towns or cities.
> Summoning and impaneling Grand or Petit juries.
> Providing for the management of common schools.
> Regulating the rate of interest on money.
> The opening and conducting of any election, or designating the place of voting.
> The sale or mortgage of real estate belonging to minors or others under disability.
> The protection of game or fish.
> Remitting fines, penalties, or forfeitures.
> Creating, increasing, or decreasing fees, percentage, or allowances of public officers during the term for which said officers are elected or appointed.
> Changing the law of descent.
> Granting to any corporation, association, or individual the right to lay down railroad tracks, or amending existing charters for such purposes.
> Granting to any corporation, association, or individual any special or exclusive privilege, immunity, or franchise whatever.
>
> In all other cases where a general law can be made applicable, no special law shall be enacted; or in any case where a general law can be made applicable, no special law shall be enacted.
>
> The Legislature shall pass general laws providing for the cases before enumerated in this section, and for all other cases which in its judgment may be provided by general laws.

DOUBLE OFFICE-HOLDING.

The President's executive order, announcing that persons holding Federal positions who accept office under the authority of the States and Territories will be considered to have resigned, is another evidence of his sincere interest in the improvement of the civil service. The New York *World* calls it "a sham." But it immediately proceeds to show that it is not. The Tenure-of-Office act, as it states, is still unrepealed, and under that law the President can only conditionally remove. But when he says that the acceptance of a State office by a Federal officer will be regarded as a resignation he announces that he will nominate a successor to the Senate, and the Senate must assume the responsibility of retaining the officer.

It is not the President's fault that the law is not repealed. His opposition to it is well known. But as he can not dispense with the laws even to secure a better service, it is ridiculous to call his resolution to do all that he legally can a sham. It is so only upon the theory that he has an understanding with the Senate to resist his order of suspension, and to continue the officer, which is as silly as the theory of last year, that he had agreed with certain Senators to propose a method of improvement which they should defeat. The President suspended Consul-General Butler, and has nominated a successor. But if the Senate should refuse to confirm him, it would be only a candor like that of the *World* which would describe his action as a sham. "Mr. Grant," says the *World*—with a spirit akin to that of the old British Tories who called General Washington "Mr. Washington"—"still has the handcuffs on, and the dirty politicians he now turns upon, after favoring and assisting them so long, may defy him."

This remark suggests one observation. The President is constantly held personally responsible, and often by those who are not unfriendly to him, for every inefficient and corrupt officer in the service, and for all the conduct of office-holding politicians. This is the sheerest injustice. Nothing is more evident than that, under the system which has so long prevailed, and with the acquiescence of the country, the President can know very little of the character or of the qualifications of the great multitude of office-holders, while the office-holding politicians are a disciplined and organized body which, as the *World* says, may in a sense defy the President. They naturally wish to sustain an Administration under which they are in place, and whose friends in the Senate have declined to repeal the Tenure-of-Office law. If they are accused of coercing a Convention or of controlling a Legislature, they are instantly declared to be the agents of the President, and the fact that every one who takes part is not removed is instantly cited as evidence of the President's complicity.

The President, however, has never declared, nor do we suppose he thinks, that those who hold office should abdicate either a proper interest or activity in politics. Indeed, his executive order of last year, upon this very subject, shows that he is not of that opinion. But his present action is the plainest possible intimation, and, together with that to which we have referred, is the completest declaration, that there is an improper and excessive interest and activity in politics which he condemns and will not countenance. There is a very just and proper impatience among self-respecting citizens with the presence, and what may be called the admonitory supervision, of national office-holders in conventions and similar assemblies; and nothing was more agreeable at the Philadelphia Convention that renominated the President than their conspicuous absence. The present executive order is a suggestion to those gentlemen to continue to be modest. There must, indeed, be parties and organization, and a consequent surrender of indifferent and minor preferences. But there must be reason in all of these things. And the President is plainly of that opinion.

PERSONAL.

In the House of Representatives, January 20, Mr. Roosevelt, of New York, introduced a bill to relieve the following Roman Catholic books from duties: *The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland; The Illustrated History of Ireland; The New School History of Ireland; Jesus and Jerusalem; Visits to the Altar of Mary; The Living Crib; The Student's Manual of Irish History;* and *The Catechism of Irish History*—all by Sister Mary Frances Clare, of the Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare, County Kerry, Ireland. The bill was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means. Protestant parents may note the following as a fair sample of the Jesuitical practices taught to our Roman Catholic domestics by this nun thus fathered by the Representative from New York: "In *service* there are some whose whole lives are dedicated to the care of children, and nearly every *servant*, some time or other, has to do with them. Those who have charge of children should make the *sign of the cross* on them, and say some short prayer every day, night and morning. It is a duty you can not commence *too soon.* By-and-by, when it begins to speak, you can teach it to say 'Jesus and *Mary*,' then you can teach it to say some very short prayer, and so *lead it on by degrees.*"

—Colonel Lewis Vital Bogy, the new United States Senator from Missouri, is fifty-nine years of age. His father was private secretary to Governor Morales while Missouri was under the Spanish domination. Afterward he was a member of the State Legislature, and cashier of the old Bank of Missouri at Ste. Geneviève. From his earliest youth he was studious, and while clerk in a store acquired a knowledge of Latin. Subsequently he went to Transylvania University, Kentucky, where, after teaching school and struggling hard, he got money enough to enable him to complete his course. Returning to St. Louis, he commenced to practice law, and served a few sessions in the State Legislature. In 1847 he became interested in, and subsequently purchased, Pilot Knob, the great iron deposit of Missouri, out of which he has realized a fortune. He has filled various financial and public stations of responsibility.

—Concerning rings: a gentleman residing in Portland, Maine, has a ring containing hair of Washington, our Federal parent, and Jefferson. The ring was once possessed by Monroe, and subsequently by Pierce.

—Senator Sumner thinks that two generalizations might safely be made about our countrymen, viz., that we eat more oysters and do more hand-shaking than all the rest of the world put together.

—Mr. Billings, sometimes called Josh, is about to celebrate his fifty-fifth birthday. As Artemus Ward said of Chaucer, "He has talent, but he can't spell."

—Miss Lena Clark is cashier of an Iowa bank. Recently she missed a train, and, determined to fill an appointment, walked seven miles when the mercury was thirty below zero.

—It is understood that Mr. Gordon L. Ford, of Brooklyn, an experienced and thorough man of business, as well as a gentleman of culture, succeeds Mr. Sinclair as business manager of the *Tribune.*

—Many years ago Mr. Roebuck, in the House of Commons, made an indiscreet allusion to the disparity in age between Mr. Disraeli and his wife; whereupon Disraeli retorted, "I understand how to give and take, Sir, in all friendly banter; but the veil that hides my home sanctuary no man may profanely lift."

—Sir Samuel Romilly, in his autobiography, gives a touching picture of his domestic happiness. He says: "For the last fifteen years my happiness has been the constant study of the most excellent of wives—a woman in whom a strong understanding, the noblest and most elevated sentiments, and the most courageous virtue are united to the warmest affection and to the utmost delicacy of mind and heart; and all these intellectual perfections are graced by the most splendid beauty that human eyes ever beheld." Romilly's affection and admiration for this noble woman endured to the end, and when she died the shock proved greater than his sensitive nature could bear; sleep left his eyelids, his mind became unhinged, and three days after her death the sad event occurred which brought his own valuable life to a close.

—The new President of the Swiss Republic is Paul Cérésole, who is only forty years of age. He is the son of a clergyman of the Reformed Church, and has six brothers, all of whom have in some way distinguished themselves. He is a lawyer, and has been in active practice at Vevay since 1858. The press of Switzerland speaks warmly of his character and abilities.

—Judge Davis will have his little anecdote. During the Tweed trial a few days since, when the eminent municipal plasterer, Garvey, was on the stand, he took occasion to allude to "Jimmy" Ingersoll. Mr. Graham objected to that title, which induced Judge Davis to remark, "I infer that that was the burglar's tool that broke into the city treasury." And all the people smiled audibly.

—Mr. Samuel Bowles, the witty and able editor of the Springfield *Republican*, has been rusticating in New York for a few days. He says it is an odd sight to see the Chinese citizens of that place muffled in buffalo-robes, with queues well tucked under the blouses, in the sleigh of some young American, driving like mad.

—The French residents of New York, with the exception of a very small clique of Bonapartists, speak of the death of Louis Napoleon with satisfaction. The editor of the *Courrier des États Unis*, as soon as the tidings were received here, "visited French residents whose opinions are worth much consideration, and on all hands the subject of his death was met with indifference, or a bitter and contemptuous smile that spoke volumes of satisfaction or disdain." The *Messager* says that "his principal merit during life was being a good comedian," and the strangest thing of all is that there should exist in France a Bonaparte party.

—Colonel Forney thinks that a fair copy of Senator Nye's quaint sayings and odd stories at one dinner-party would be a classic. The bright *bonmots* of William M. Evarts, if they could be recovered, would shine like gems in the choicest magazine. A night with Oliver Wendell Holmes would supply gossip more delightful to literature than any thing he has achieved in *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

—Bishop Massong, in Tong King, has addressed to one of his friends a letter in which is the following passage: "In my last journey in the Annamite Mountains, the native priests, who had studied theology under my direction, came to visit me on the occasion of the New-Year. Besides the presents which they are accustomed to offer on that occasion, they determined to give me a more solemn testimonial of their affection and respect. Having consulted together, they brought me—a coffin."

—Professor Alboni, of Naples, recently resuscitated a dying woman by the blood of a lamb, the revivifying blood being forced through a tube into the arteries by the pulsations of the animal's heart. The disposition of the lady will henceforth be more lamb-like.

—The late Mr. John Priestley, one of the founders and most highly esteemed members of the Century Club, and a gentleman of culture, was, many years back, publisher of the *Whig Review*, a publication of some position at that time. In that capacity he paid Edgar A. Poe ten dollars for *The Raven*, which is generally admitted to be the best of Poe's productions. The sum seems small for such a poem, but in those good old times few publishers would have offered more, and Poe doubtless thought he was well paid. Other great poems have sold for as little.

—Mrs. Bishop, who is quite likely to succeed to the crown of the Hawaiian Islands, is a native of Honolulu, and was born a princess. She is well educated and highly accomplished. In 1849 she was married to Mr. Bishop, at that time Customs-General of the kingdom. Her Hawaiian title is Princess Ii, pronounced simply "eye."

—Zuzoni, the famous Corsican brigand, recently killed in a fight with gens-d'armes, was the ablest of the brigands of that island. He had four times been sentenced to death, yet his favor among the poor people, and his daring courage, baffled the attempts of the gens-d'armes to catch him for five years.

—Sir Henry Holland is now the Senior Fellow of the Royal Society of Great Britain, having been elected in 1815. Although in his eighty-fourth year, Sir Harry is so well that he contemplates another visit to the United States during the present year. His wife is a daughter of the late Rev. Sydney Smith.

—Mrs. Edwin Forrest has given notice to the executors of the will of her late husband that she will apply for her legal dower in the estate. As Mr. Forrest was never divorced from her, although he made an effort to that end in the Pennsylvania Legislature, her claim is held to be tenable.

—James L. Watson, American, and Benjamin Crowder, English, know precisely what value to set on liberty of speech, having just been imprisoned in Hungary for speaking disrespectfully of Francis Joseph. James and Benjamin should have waited until arriving on their native heath; then, as Mrs. Partington says, they could have blazed away "with perfect impurity."

—Mr. Simon Thomas, a boot-black, of Toledo, Ohio, has bought the Lutheran Church at Perrysburg, in that State, and presented it to his colored brethren. Evidently not a "doubting" Thomas.

—Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, after having served seventeen years in the United States Senate, will, after the third of March next, resume the practice of the law.

—Three of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—Hancock, Adams, and Paine—are buried in the grave-yard alongside the Park Street Church, Boston. The remains of Governors Bowdoin, Sumner, Sullivan, Love, and Eustis are also buried there, together with the remains of Samuel Sewall, Peter Faneuil, General Joseph Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, and Paul Revere.

—Sarah Butillon, a factory girl of New Hampshire, has had a fairy history. In a newspaper she accidentally saw the name of a Mr. Butillon, of Natchitoches, who had taken part in some public demonstration. The name being quite uncommon, Sarah wrote a modest letter of inquiry, giving her own genealogy, and suggesting that there might be some relationship. In a fortnight came an answer, cheerfully written, in which a distant relationship was demonstrated. The Southerner added that he was old, without family, and had few friends, and earnestly hoped for a continuation of the correspondence. Agreed to, and kept up for three years; but her last letter remained unanswered for three months, when came a message from Mr. Butillon's lawyer, informing her that the dear old man had left her his whole property, amounting to over $400,000. Sarah, by-the-way, just before receiving the news, had married a young man of her own rank, and now they have gone down to Natchitoches to look after their assets.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Congressional work of the week was comparatively light. In the Senate, January 20, the Boston fire came up in the shape of the majority and minority reports of the Judiciary Committee for the relief of the sufferers. The new bill repealing the Bankruptcy act was also talked about, as also was the bill for the increase of the navy, pending which the Senate adjourned. In the House, a number of new bills were received and referred. Several resolutions were also offered and adopted, the most important of which was one ordering the payment of expenses of members whose seats had been contested, whether they had been contestants or occupants.—The Senate, January 21, was chiefly occupied with the discussion of the bill for the increase of the navy. The House spent most of the day considering the scheme for increasing the tonnage of this country.—The Senate, January 22, passed several railroad bills, also the bill to increase the navy, and the bill abolishing the franking privilege from the 1st of July proximo. A substitute bill from the Judiciary Committee was reported, regulating the distribution of the Geneva award. In the House, the bill for the admission of Colorado occupied the morning hour, but went over without action. The bill for the creation of commissioners of commerce and for giving bounties to American ship-builders was virtually killed by being laid on the table by a vote of 121 yeas to 63 nays. A bill appropriating $113,500 to supply the deficiency for the expenses of the United States Mixed Commission on American and British Claims was passed, as was also a bill patching up the Shipping Commissioners' act; after which a message vetoing an act reducing from two years to six months the time in which new trials may be, on motion of the United States, granted in the Court of Claims, was received from the President, and referred to the Judiciary Committee.—In the House, January 23, investigations were ordered to see if members of Congress were interested in certain railroad legislation. The Senate's amendment to the Vienna Exposition bill was discussed, and the appropriation cut down from $300,000 to $200,000.—The South Carolina contested election case was decided against both Bowen and De Large, January 24, on the ground of irregularities and fraud.

The United States forces have again been defeated by the Modoc Indians, with a loss to the former of ten killed, with forty wounded.

The Court of Appeals having affirmed the action of the lower court in the case of Foster, the car-hook murderer, the prisoner was accordingly resentenced, January 24, by Judge Ingraham, to be hanged on the 7th of March next.

Hon. Roscoe Conkling was re-elected United States Senator by the New York Legislature January 22.

A bill providing for a new "Quarantine Establishment for the City and Port of New York" was introduced in the State Senate January 22, and referred to the appropriate committee. On the 24th a Temperance bill was introduced into the Assembly, and referred to the Committee on "Internal Affairs." A huge petition was presented, signed by 10,000 beer-drinkers of this city and Brooklyn, in favor of more liberal laws relating to the sale of "lager." A bill was introduced for the consolidation of the city and county governments of New York.

Mr. William Cassidy, the editor of the Albany *Argus*, died at his residence in Albany, January 23.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The outrageous frauds on Italian immigrants who recently arrived in this country have been brought to the notice of the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Bouverie Pusey is lying dangerously ill at Genoa.

The captain of the steamer *Germany*, wrecked not long ago near the coast of France, has been acquitted of all blame, the burden of responsibility for the disaster resting on the French pilot.

The French Assembly passed a bill, January 23, prescribing severe penalties for drunkenness.

The ex-Empress Eugénie and Prince Jerome Napoleon are to be the political guardians of the young prince, who will be known as Count Pierrefonds.

Three more Communists were shot at Satory on the 22d of January.

The Hon. and Rev. Baptist Wriothsley Noel is dead.

The Right Hon. Stephen Lushington, D.C.L., died in London January 21.

The emigrant ship *Northfleet*, bound from London to Hobart Town, while lying at anchor two miles off Dungeness, in the British Channel, January 22, was run into and sunk by an unknown steamship. Of the 412 persons on board 315 were drowned.

A mass-meeting was held in Birmingham, England, January 23, the mayor presiding, when resolutions were adopted condemning the slave-trade, and urging the British government to aid the United States in their demands on Spain for the abolition of slavery in Cuba.

Eight of the perpetrators of the Palestro massacre have been sentenced at Algiers to death, and thirty-seven others to imprisonment.

The hereditary prince of Egypt was formally betrothed to the daughter of Elhani Pasha at the court of the Khedive, January 16, with splendid ceremonies.

The German court, by order of the emperor, will go into mourning one week for Napoleon.

The Dowager Empress Amelia of Brazil died in Lisbon, January 26, aged sixty-one years.

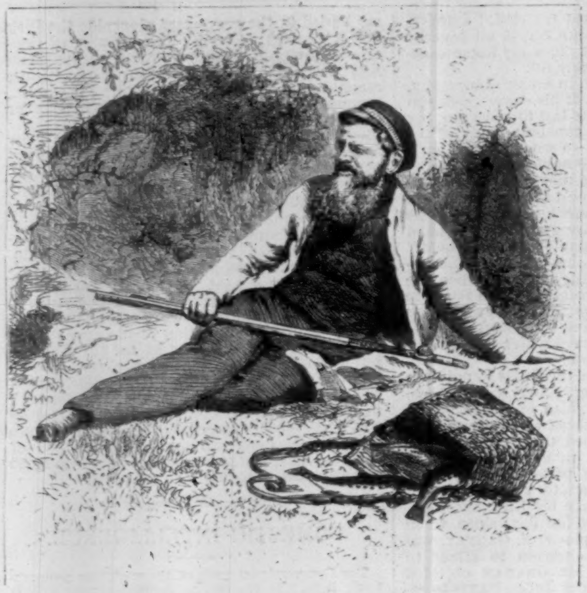
The *Official Gazette* of St. Petersburg asserts that there are no important differences of views between the British and Russian governments respecting the present movements of Russia in Central Asia.

A large antislavery meeting was held in Madrid January 23.

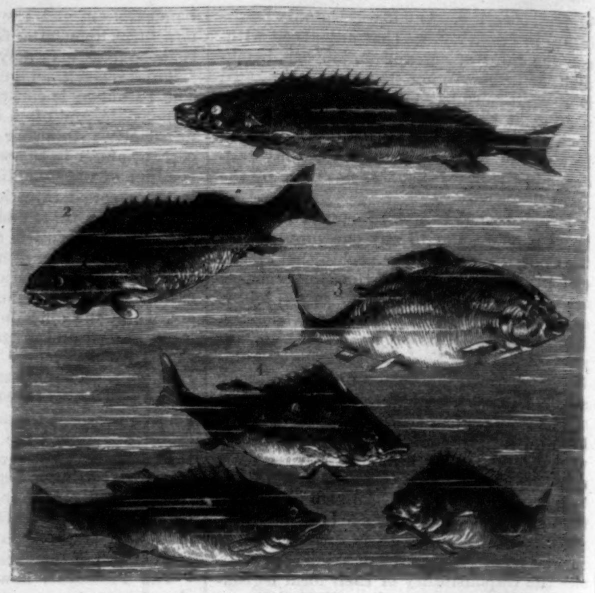
The Spanish Cortes has decided upon the indemnification of slave-owners in Porto Rico, and emancipation is to be complete four months after the passage of the bill.

The Committee on Abolition in the Spanish Cortes estimate the indemnity to the slave-owners in Porto Rico at 140,000,000 reals.

The island of Cuba is to have a new Captain-General, and a thousand more troops have left Cadiz, to put down the rebellion.



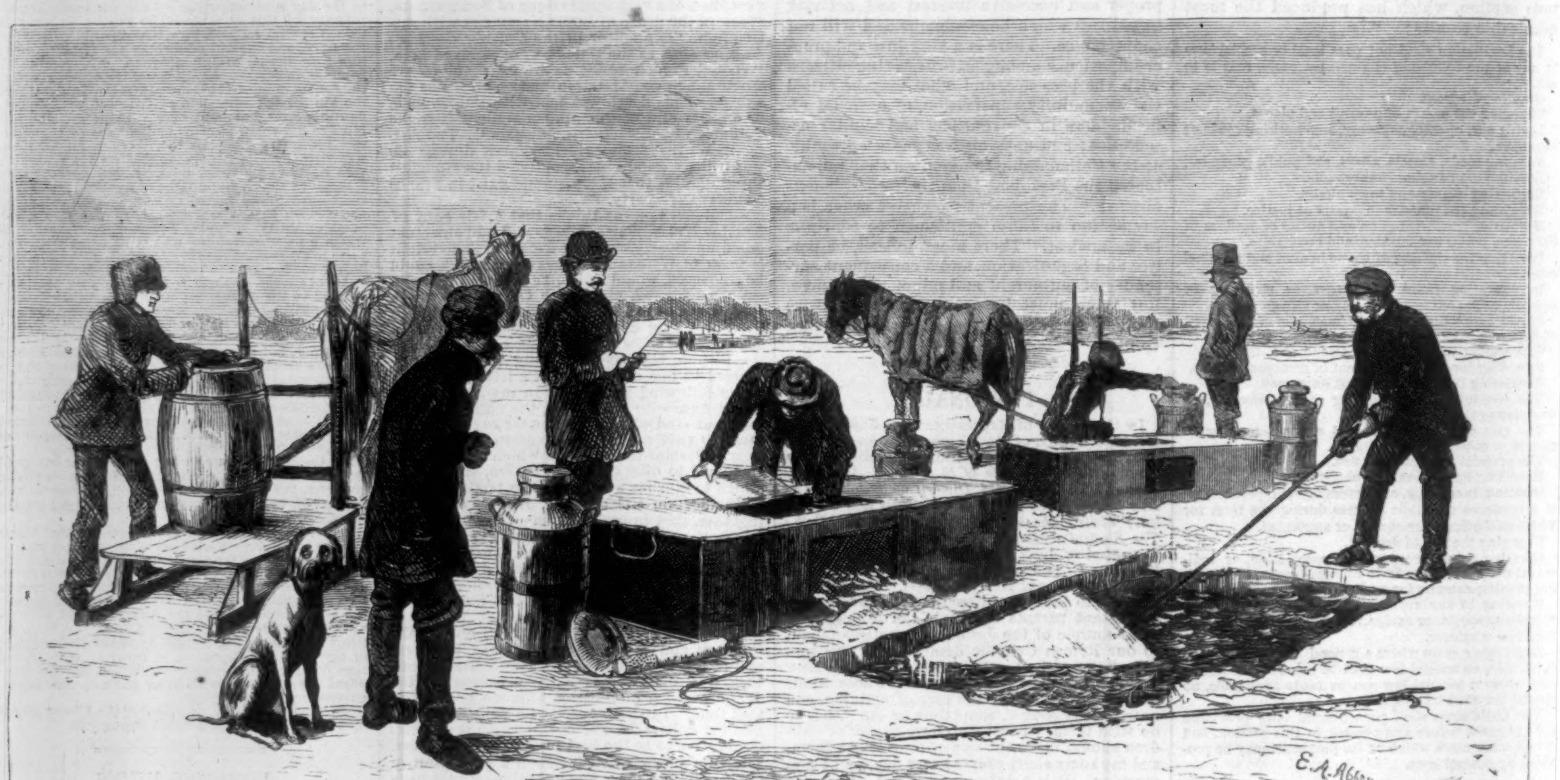
SETH GREEN.



THE SEED.

TRANSPLANTING FISH.

AT the close of navigation by ice the water is drawn from the canals in the vicinity of Rochester, New York, and vast numbers of fish accumulate in the great basins near that city. Formerly these fish became the spoil of such fishermen as chose to net them for the market. A few years since the Canal Commissioners, acting under the advice of HORATIO SEYMOUR, R. B. ROOSEVELT, and others, gave the right of fishing in these waters exclusively to the Commissioners of the State. Their superintendent, Mr. SETH GREEN, at once arranged to secure these fish by means of nets drawn beneath the ice. The fish thus taken were placed in large wooden cars or tanks, which were kept beneath the ice, and preserved the fish in perfect condition. Circulars stating the varieties of fish and the description of water to which they were suited were distributed, and citizens of the State were invited to come to Rochester, bringing barrels or milk-cans, to convey such fish as might be desirable for the waters of their immediate neighborhood. The fish are delivered to them at Rochester without cost.



DELIVERING SEED AT ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

The following varieties shown in our illustrations are deemed most favorable for stocking the general waters of the lakes and streams of New York and the Middle States: 1. Wall-eyed pike; 2. Oswego bass; 3. White-fish; 4. Yellow perch; 5. Rock bass; 6. Black bass. The rock bass must not be confounded with the fish of that name taken in the Delaware and further South.

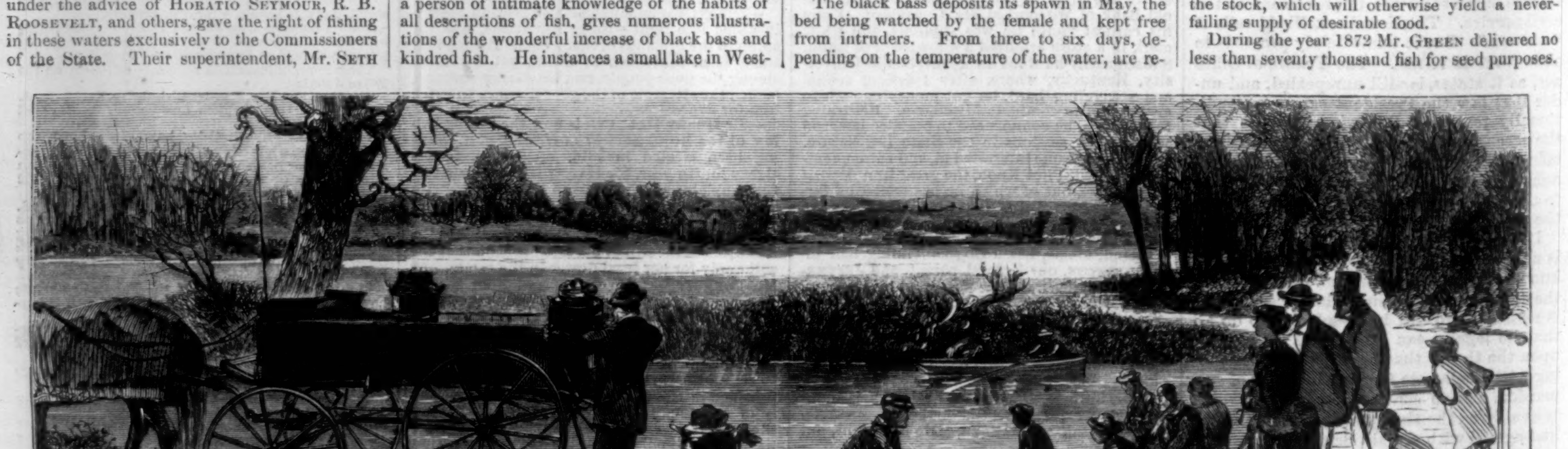
Waters suitable to the black bass should not be left unstocked any more than land which is in perfect condition for cropping, and it is a matter of doubt which will yield the better return. SETH GREEN, an authority on fish-culture, and a person of intimate knowledge of the habits of all descriptions of fish, gives numerous illustrations of the wonderful increase of black bass and kindred fish. He instances a small lake in Westchester County, in which twenty-four bass were placed by him. The lake was not fished during four years, at the end of which time a ton weight of fine black bass were taken with hook and line during a single season, and this drain did not diminish the supply during the succeeding summer. Each year gives an increased yield, affording excellent sport and a nutritious article of food.

The favorite mode of stocking a lake or stream is for a number of persons residing in the vicinity to make a contribution with which to defray the expenses of one of their number, who, proceeding to Rochester with proper vessels for transporting the fish, will receive such seed-fish from Mr. SETH GREEN as in his judgment are best suited to the location which it is proposed to stock. Twenty dollars is, as a general thing, an ample fund to cover all expense of travel and transportation of the fish.

The seed-fish may be obtained until the month of March, or until the ice at the distributing station becomes too week to bear the men engaged in securing the stock. In depositing the fish it is advisable to place them, if in a lake, at a distance from the outlet, or in the highest still water of a stream.

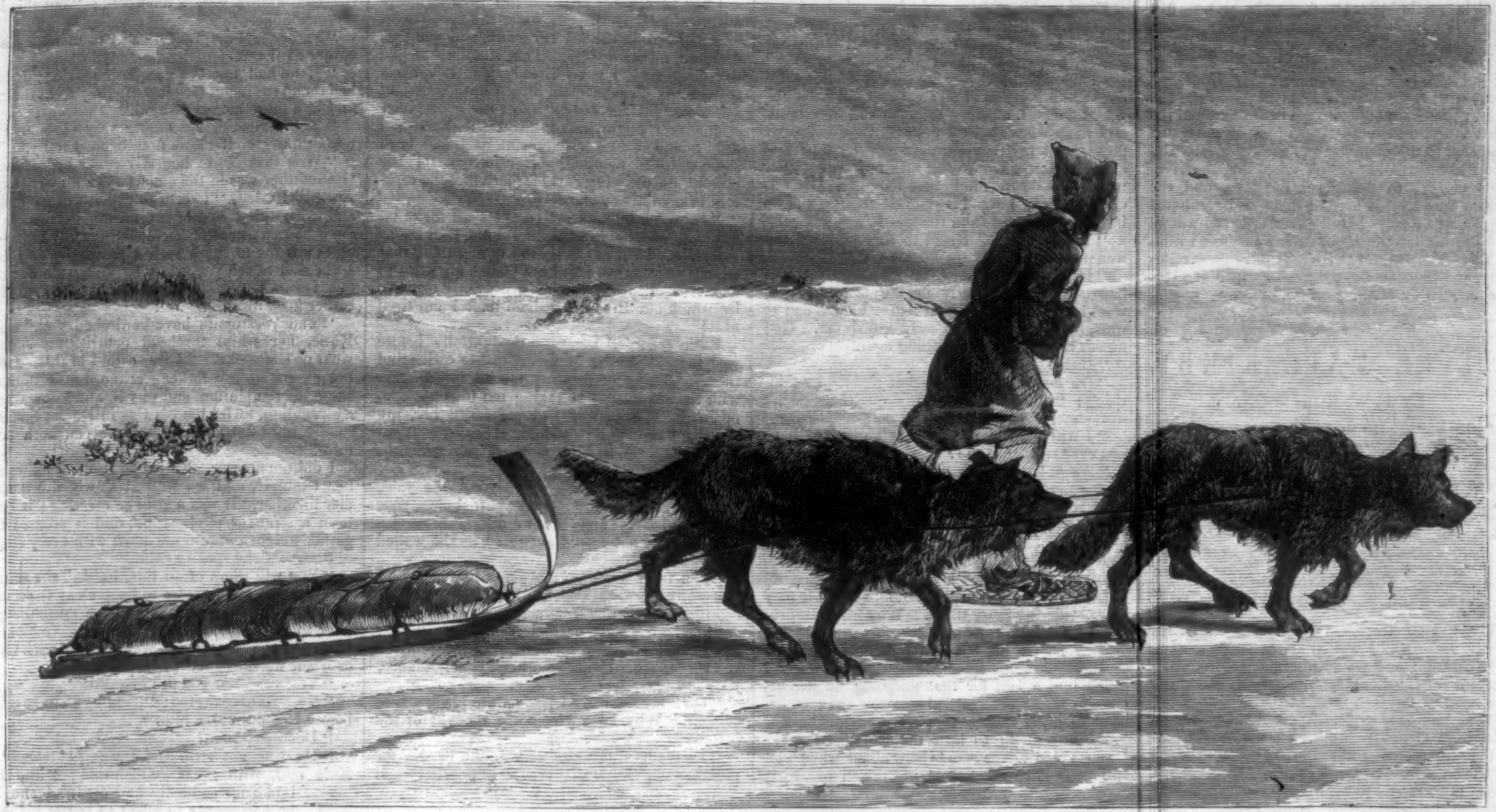
The black bass deposits its spawn in May, the bed being watched by the female and kept free from intruders. From three to six days, depending on the temperature of the water, are required to hatch the ova, after which the female broods her young, and keeps at a distance such fish as may desire to lunch on her fry. At the end of twelve months these fry will each weigh a quarter of a pound; at the close of the second year upward of a pound. The third spring they cast their spawn, and the lake or stream may be thrown open for fishing with hook or line, but never to the net, unless you desire to exterminate the stock, which will otherwise yield a never-failing supply of desirable food.

During the year 1872 Mr. GREEN delivered no less than seventy thousand fish for seed purposes.

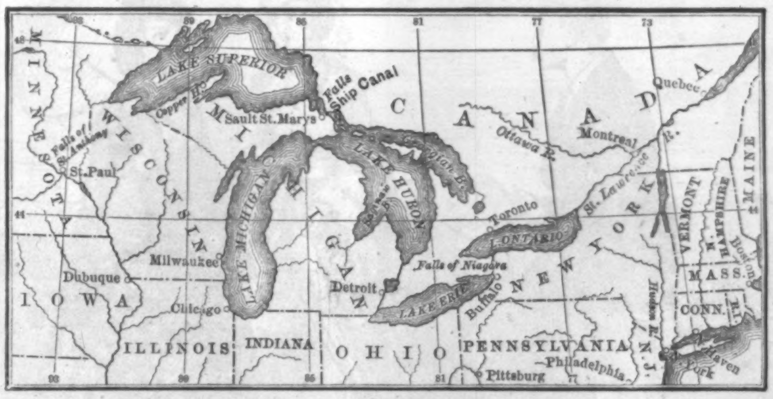


STOCKING BARREN WATERS.

TRANSPLANTING FISH.—[FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]



DOG-SLEDGE MAIL.—[From a Sketch by Colonel Charles A. Booth.]


LAKE SUPERIOR
Falls
Ship Canal
Copper H.
Sault St. Marys
CANADA
Quebec
Montreal
Ottawa R.
St. Lawrence R.
MINNESOTA
Falls of St. Anthony
St. Paul
WISCONSIN
MICHIGAN
LAKE MICHIGAN
LAKE HURON
Georgian B.
Saginaw B.
Toronto
ONTARIO
Falls of Niagara
LAKE ERIE
Buffalo
Milwaukee
Dubuque
IOWA
Chicago
Detroit
ILLINOIS
INDIANA
OHIO
PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia
Pittsburg
NEW YORK
Hudson R.
N. J.
VERMONT
N. HAMPSHIRE
MAINE
MASS.
Boston
CONN.
R. I.
N. Haven
N. York
93
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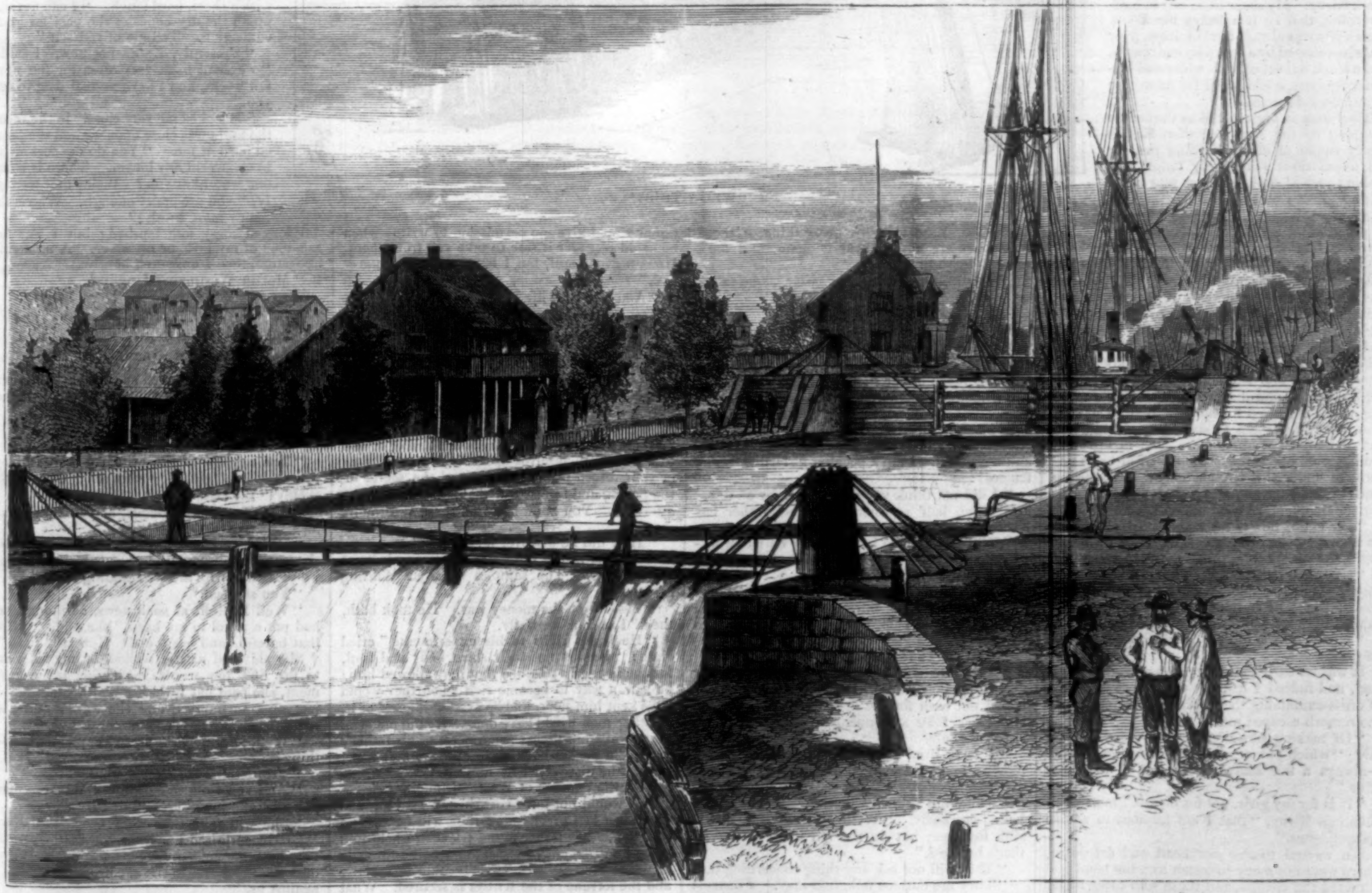
73
46
44

MAP OF SAULT ST. MARIE SHIP-CANAL AND LAKES.

THE MAIL SERVICE IN THE NORTHWEST.

Those dwellers in cities who grumble because their letters are delivered but once a day on national holidays would be quite unhappy in the hyperborean regions of Lake Superior, where the scene of the accompanying graphic picture, a dog-sledge mail, is laid. This, moreover, is no fancy sketch, but was drawn on the spot at Sault St. Marie, or St. Mary's Falls, the capital of Chippewa County, Michigan, on the St. Mary's River, 440 miles north-northwest of Detroit, and 15 miles distant from the outlet of Lake Superior. For more than one-third of the year the inhabitants of this delectable country are almost as effectually cut off from the outside world as any arctic explorers. It is true that they have the advantage over the Esquimaux of being within the pale of the United States mail service—a privilege which our readers will appreciate from the picture. The nearest railroad station is at Marquette, about 180 miles distant. Twice a week a sledge, drawn by a couple of dogs harnessed in tandem with ropes, and bearing the mail, sets out from Sault St. Marie, over the snow and ice, under convoy of an Indian runner, and if the weather is fine, and there are no detentions, arrives at Marquette in time to enable a person to send a letter to New York and receive an answer in a little less than two months.

In summer the region is charming, and is thronged with gay pleasure seekers on their way to visit the picturesque Straits of Mackinac, the Silver Island, the Pictured Rocks, and the copper mines of Lake Superior; and the young officers of Fort Brady have a fine opportunity to indemnify themselves for the cheerless seclusion of the winter. This fort, which is situated at the Sault, is the most important post on the Northwestern frontier, as it has to guard not only the Canadian boundary, but also the ship-canal, an engraving of which we give herewith, and which is superior in size and style to any thing on the continent. It was built by the United States government at the cost of a million and a quarter dollars. The



SHIP-CANAL, SAULT ST. MARIE.

THE UNITED STATES MAIL SERVICE IN THE NORTHWEST.

canal is a mile long, 115 feet wide, and 12 feet deep; the locks, of which there are two, each 350 feet in length by 70 in width, with a lift of nine feet, are the largest in the world. It is built around the falls, and connects the St. Mary's River with Lake Superior, thus forming the last link in the chain of communication between the great lakes, and adds 1700 miles of navigable sea-coast to the commerce of the country. Before its construction vessels ascending the river were obliged to debark at the falls, and the freight was hauled around them and reshipped on the other side. Over these falls the waters of Superior descend about twenty-two feet within a mile. The St. Mary's River is sixty-three miles long, and connects Lake Superior with Lake Huron, as seen by the map on the preceding page.

LITTLE KATE KIRBY.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," "Poor Humanity," etc., etc.

Book the Fourth.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER V.

CONFIDENCE.

With what strange heart-aching, heart-rejoicing sensations I waited at the landing-stage on Lowestoft pier it would be difficult to describe. Blood is thicker than water, after all, and these two were of my own race, and with whom my early life had been spent. We had clung to each other, and shared each other's troubles and joys in the years before I went to the Cape, and Katie had been a friend on my return, and stood between me and the sudden poverty which threatened my latter days. If they seemed to have abandoned me, to have distrusted me, to have grown weary of me, still they were all the relatives I had in the world save Uncle Jef, and the mystery of their silence and neglect might be easy of explanation.

They were rich, then—and there had been a method in my father's madness when he had raved of his future behind the grating of the visitors' room in Holloway Jail. Would this be explained also in the fair days ahead of me? Would they be very, very glad to see me? They came slowly up the steps—my father with difficulty, like a man whose allowance of breath was limited, and who had need to be sparing of it; Katie at a pace rendered slow by her accommodating herself to her companion's rate of progression. My father was dressed with scrupulous care, if in somewhat too juvenile a fashion for his years; his dark blue yachting costume seemed made for the occasion, his straw hat was placed at a skittish angle on his head, and he carried an eyeglass before his left eye in a fashion very new for Jonathan Kirby. My sister Kate was in half-mourning, that is, if a heavy black silk dress—she was always fond of dress, poor Kate!—relieved by a broad lavender sash, and a black hat set off with white and lavender feathers, could stand for mourning of any dear departed.

They were in high spirits as they came laughing up the steps together, Katie's merry ripple of music thrilling me, for old associations' sake. My father was looking very ill, and my sister very beautiful—yes, she was one of the prettiest women in England, and I had a right to be proud of little Kate. When they were within four steps of the top, my eager attitude, my anxious face, my hands wrung together with my heart's suspense, attracted them—told them at last who was waiting there to meet them.

"Faith!" cried Kate, rushing toward me with her own loving impulse, seizing me in her arms, and kissing me, "our Faith—and here!" and "Faith!—God bless me!" exclaimed my father, slipping down four steps in his surprise, knocking his hat off, and disarranging a very juvenile wig, which I noticed for the first time. The man who had rowed them to shore brought him his hat, and after spending more time in brushing the knees of his trowsers than seemed to be imperative under the circumstances, he came up panting with exertion, put his shaking hands upon my shoulders, and kissed me on the forehead.

"My child, this is an unexpected pleasure," he said. "Kate, she beams on us like a blessing. Just as we were thinking of—"

"Of *not* writing to you, of not coming to your rescue, Faith, for another three months," Kate concluded; "in fact, of making sure of every thing before we whirled you away with us."

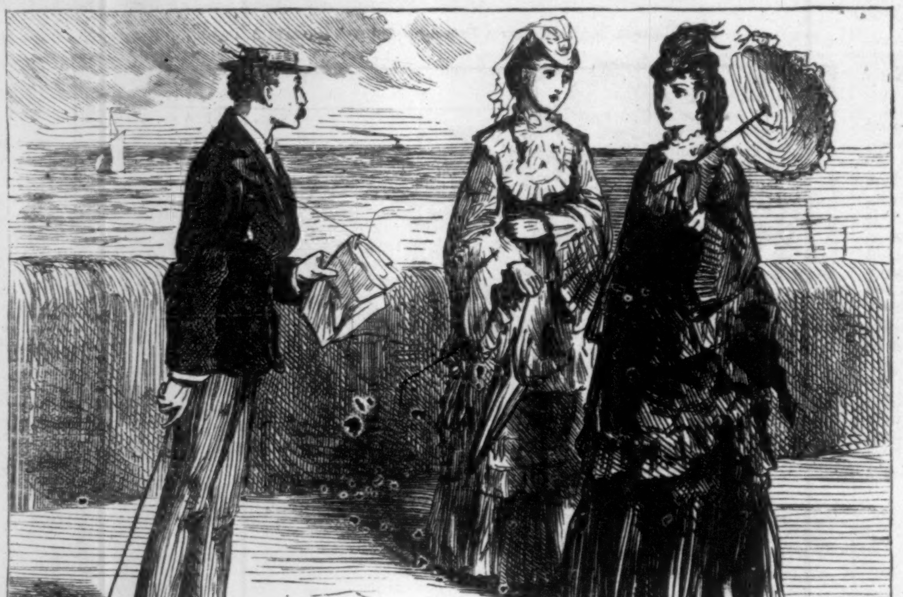
"Of making sure of what?" I asked, in my bewilderment.

It was an early period to start a leading question, and indeed I had not thought at that time of cross-examining them upon their mystery, but the remark escaped me.

"Of making sure of father's fortune," Katie said, "which you are to share with him and me—always a fair share for the best of the three of us."

"It is for my girls, not for myself," murmured Jonathan Kirby, "that I am anxious to secure independence."

We walked to the pier head and sat down. There were not many to watch us; the band had attracted the visitors, and those who came as far as ourselves made the circuit of the light-house and went back again.



"WHO'S THIS?"

Even in this early period of our reunion I was dissatisfied with the manner of our meeting. Katie was glad to see me, but how long could she have existed without me, how long might she have continued her enjoyment of life without thinking of me at all? As for my father, he was a greater mystery than he had ever been, and if he were glad to meet me thus suddenly, pleasure at my reappearance had deprived him of the power of expressing his gratification after we had sat down side by side together. He was embarrassed; I was his *coup de théâtre*, and he had not recovered from the shock.

"You are rich," I said to him at last: "it was not all fancy."

"It was never fancy," he answered. "If I had been treated fairly in the beginning, all would have been well long ago. I have had to wait, and waiting has nearly killed me. God knows if I ever shall be strong again."

"But—"

"Oh dear! it is a very hot night," he said, rising; "don't ask too many questions—don't worry me, Faith, but trust in me."

"I will trust in you all that I can, but have you ever trusted in me?"

"Ahem! You are a peculiar girl, my dear, with strange fancies. It isn't that I could not trust you, but that in trusting you you might—you might— Kate, you know what she might have done better than I can explain it in my delicate state of health," he said; "I require rest, not excitement—I am warned against all excitement, for my heart's wrong, as well it may be, considering every thing. Why wasn't it broken long ago, I wonder?"

He took off his hat and patted his forehead carefully with his handkerchief, which he had rolled into a ball for that purpose; he left his place by my side and settled his straw hat upon his head again, at exactly the same angle as before.

"I am going to hear the band," he said; "you will find me somewhere about when you two girls have done gossiping. Tell her what you please, Kate—tell her every thing, if those Westmairs are not to hear it again, and she's ready to leave them."

"Which she is," added my sister, as he sauntered away.

"Now, do you mean?" I asked.

"Ay, at a moment's notice, Faith," said Kate. "Why not? From the ranks of the enemy to home and me, and you hesitate! You who have talked so much of our sharing life together!"

"Under different circumstances, and with confidence in each other," I said, "which we never have had—which we are not going to have now, Kate. You don't trust me—and he does not, and never will. I am a peculiar girl with strange fancies!"

"I did not think you were so tetchy as this," said Kate, half reprovingly, "and father has been working for the good of all of us."

"Will you tell me in what way he has worked, and with what object besides our common good?" I asked, very calmly.

"Yes, I will tell you, but the Westmairs must not learn any thing concerning it. You know as well as I do, now, that they are not to be trusted."

"I do not know it."

"They are our enemies—they locked father in prison—they would have let him die there if it had not been for the disgrace of it—they are altogether false and untrustworthy," cried my sister, warmly.

"I have lived with them more than twelve months, and have learned to respect them," was my answer.

"There are miracles in the world yet," said Kate, satirically. "Well, respect them if you will, my dear, but do not tell them of my father's business."

"They will not ask any thing concerning it."

"They are curious folk, and may. *I* distrust them, and hate them," said Kate Kirby, with emphasis.

I had been never disposed to regard seriously all my sister's assertions; when she spoke with heat her words carried her away, and she was dramatic in her energy. That she did not like the Westmairs, I knew already, and I had distrusted and disliked them myself until time had given me a clear insight into their characters. Presently I might convince Katie that she had been mistaken in her judgment, as I had been some eighteen months ago. Sufficient for the present was the story of my father's life, the mystery of my father's affluence.

"Kate," I said, earnestly, "I shall make no promises, and you can trust me or not, as it seems judicious. I am not likely to say any thing that can injure you, but I will not pledge my word to an eternal silence as regards every petty mystery by which our lives are hedged in. I am tired of it!"

Katie regarded me very thoughtfully before replying. Was she balancing in her own mind the expediency of refusing me all information with the advantages of taking me into her confidence? My manner had perplexed her, my decisive tone was new to her. I was a stronger woman than she had encountered twelve months since.

"Yes, Faith, I will trust you," she said, quickly. "You will never take part against your father and me. That is not natural."

"It is not natural," I answered, as she waited for my reply.

"We three together, and those people"—how scornfully she always spoke of them!—"in their rightful places away from us. We are independent of their bounty or their clemency. Faith, you must leave them to-morrow. I have missed you very much. I want your help, your guidance, your old love, dear."

"Oh! my dear Katie, you were always sure of that. Why have you never thought of me before?"

"I have been thinking of you day by day for months past," Katie answered, "wondering when father would give me permission to write—when he could consider it safe to take you from them. He is nervous still, but I have no fear—I never had."

"And this new life?"

"It would have begun in that November month when you came from Pietermaritzburg, had not my father's fault been discovered by the Westmairs," said Katie, with excitement. "He never meant to take the money; he was tempted to borrow it for a few months, intending to return it when his experiments had been perfected. He had reached success then, and perhaps by some indirect means they had heard of it, and so revenged themselves upon him. At that time of your return father had guessed the secret of the polish, and to discover that secret is to make a fortune. You know how rich these Westmairs are?"

"How did he discover it?" I asked.

"He was in the business. He was clever at experiments. The samples were at Watling Street."

"Yes, where the money was. He took both, then," I said, mournfully.

"He had a right to his experiments," cried Kate; "he was not their slave, body and soul, for the beggarly pittance that they allowed him; he saw a way to become rich when they would have kept him poor, and he availed himself of it, as other men would have done. He did not steal the secret from them: some notes of his father's in an old pocket-book gave him the first idea; the rest he discovered for himself."

"At the expense of Westmair and Son."

"It would not have cost them a farthing had they been less precipitate; they will be paid in full soon. My father found friends to help him when he came out of prison, and he has already achieved success. Money is coming in rapidly, and the fortune of the Kirbys is secured. What makes you so dull, Faith? Is our prosperity nothing to you?"

"God knows, yes," I answered; "but this is scarcely honest."

"Father had as great a right to make a discovery as the Westmairs."

"If he had not been in their service; if he had found the secret for himself, away from them, and in a more honest fashion."

"The recipe, or something very close to it, was in our grandfather's note-book, I tell you."

"Was that secret honestly come by, either? Grandfather was in the office before father. Oh, Katie!" I cried, "I seem to distrust every body and every thing, and of this miserable business I am ashamed already. Don't tell me any more—don't ask me to share such a prosperity as this. I am glad to see you, to sit by your side again, but I can not come home now. I—I would rather keep away."

"The Westmairs have bewitched you," said Katie, her white forehead contracting somewhat as she spoke. "I was afraid of this. I do not extenuate my father's crime, but I understand his temptation, and pity it, and know what a struggling, awful life his was in Dorset Street. Surely his after-perseverance we can both admire."

I did not answer. Katie had risen; I followed her example, and we walked slowly down the pier together. It was a strange meeting; it had been a stranger explanation, and it seemed to gather weight and bear me down with every step.

Presently she spoke again.

"You will think of all this, Faith," she said; "it is not in your nature to keep away from us, and it will be a great happiness, a mutual support, to be together. It is what we have looked forward to so long—what we promised each other when we said good-by last."

"Yes, yes—but you are married."

"No," Kate answered; "Tommy Pounce died before I could marry him."

"Dead—so soon!"

"He was not strong—he was not steady," Kate said, with great deliberation; "and he broke up suddenly and died. I should be a hypocrite to affect to regret his loss very deeply, when I knew that he could not live long at the time I engaged myself to him."

"Oh, Katie, Katie!" I burst forth; "don't say this."

"This is worse news than the other," said Kate, "but it's the truth, and if I did not tell you, some one else would. He was worth two thousand pounds, and I promised to marry him in return for its settlement upon me, as hundreds of women marry every day, and are complimented on their prudence. I would have married for love once, Faith," she cried, scornfully, "but my lover doubted my word, and I did not care what became of me afterward. I turned him away. You remember?"

"Part of the story."

"I thought that I might as well marry Tommy with one lung as any body else. He was fond of me, at any rate, and I tried to like him at last. I should have made him a good wife."

"But you never told me that—"

"And never shall," concluded Katie, with a short, hard laugh. "I can not dig up all the dry bones of the past for your edification. Tell me of yourself."

"Presently, Kate—not now," I said; "we shall meet very often for the next few weeks, and I have a great deal to tell you."

She looked me very closely in the face; the night was close upon us, and she peered hard at me. "You do not feel alone in the world any longer. There is some one who likes you? Well," half jestingly, "you are pretty enough. Who is the happy man, Faith?"

I looked away and blushed; but I was not ashamed of my love, or my lover. A moment's hesitation, then I answered her.

"Martin Westmair," I replied.

CHAPTER VI.

"SHARPER THAN A SERPENT'S TOOTH."

My sister Kate stopped suddenly. There was a look of amazement, almost of horror, in her face, as she repeated,

"Martin Westmair?"

"Yes."

"The nephew of the principal who employs you as his daughter's governess. One of the enemy!" she said, contemptuously.

"One of my best friends, as you may imagine."

"Oh! I can imagine any thing after this," she replied, shrugging her shoulders. "Shall we proceed? why are we standing here?"

"You stopped."

"Well I might at such news, as though you had put a pistol to my head," she said. "How that hateful band brays on! How cold it is!"

She shivered as she walked by my side, and to my first few words, explaining my engagement, she paid but little heed, although the subject grew in interest, and she was listening intently when my father came toward us.

"Well, Faith, has Kate explained every thing?"

"Yes, I think so," I replied.

"And you congratulate me, child—of course you wish me joy?" he said to me.

"She will take time to do that," said Kate. "I have surprised her by my revelation, as she has done me by hers. This faithful friend of ours has gone over to the enemy, and takes sides against us."

"No!" I cried, indignantly.

"She is engaged to marry Martin Westmair," Kate said; and the laugh which followed her announcement was hardly pleasant to hear.

"God bless me!" exclaimed my father; "let me sit down and consider the question. It is very dreadful—the Westmairs are such terrible people—you should not have gone so far as this, child, without asking my consent. It is an unholy match."

"I had no one to advise me," I replied; "every one was hiding from me, and I had to act for myself. I have nothing to regret—I think that I have acted wisely."

"These accursed Westmairs turn up at every corner of our lives," he muttered.

"My marriage can not affect you very seriously, father," I said, when I was sitting by his side: "you forget how little you have thought about me lately. Why, this is only a chance meeting between us!"

"We knew where you were—where a letter would find you at any moment."

"Where a letter would have saved me from many months of suspense concerning you and Katie, and yet you would not send me one."

"It was not safe to write."

"Why not?"

"The Westmairs might have smashed up the United Kingdom Polish Company at its first start," he replied. "They had capital enough to do it—they were always jealous of opposition—you were with them, and—"

"And not to be trusted," I said, sadly, not angrily; "yes, that is the answer to it all. Well, father, I will not complain again. I am glad to meet you—glad to tell you that I am content with my position in the world."

"You must not be content with that."

"You will get on very well without me—much better without me than with me," I continued, in the same sad tones, for the truth of my argument lay like a weight at my heart. "I shall interfere too much, and be disputatious and querulous and dissatisfied by turns—and I—I am very happy where I am."

My father took off his hat and dabbed his forehead again with his handkerchief.

"Though this is sharper than a serpent's tooth—considerably sharper and much more pointed," he said, plaintively—"I will not take this for my elder daughter's final resolution. The saints forbid that I should do this! I have learned too much patience in adversity to be crushed at the first blow leveled at my aspirations. The world's ways can not excite me, and philosophy is— Why, here's the devil himself, and I can't face him! Come away, Kate—make haste—let us get out of this!" My father leaped to his feet, and literally trotted off the pier, followed by Katie, who said a few hasty words first about to-morrow's meeting. I was trying to understand all that she had said when Abel Westmair, with Aunt Jane clinging to his arm, and his father walking by the side of him, advanced toward me.

"Oh! here you are, Miss Kirby," cried Mrs. Westmair, acrimoniously. "I have been searching every where for you since your extraordinary behavior of half an hour ago. I am sure I don't know what I should have done if it had not been for Mr. Westmair coming up. Who *were* those persons?"

"My father and sister, whom I have not seen for some time," I answered.

"Your father—bless my heart! and your sister—good gracious! and were they—"

"Jane, will you go home with Mr. Westmair?" said Abel Westmair, very decisively. "Miss Kirby and I will be back presently."

"Yes—but—"

"The band is going," he said, "Ettie is alone in the house, and you must be chilly in that dress."

"I don't suppose that any one will run away with Ettie, Abel," said his sister-in-law, "but if you particularly wish to get rid of me, I can go."

Aunt Jane fired off her petulance at times even in Abel Westmair's direction, and to-night had been more than an ordinary trial of her patience.

"Yes, I particularly wish to get rid of you," he said, half absently.

"Well, I am sure!" cried Aunt Jane; "I did not expect this from you, Abel; I should have thought that before Miss Kirby and your father you would have shown a proper amount of respect. I—"

"I have the highest respect for you," said Abel, in the same equable tones, "but I want to speak to Miss Kirby. Don't you understand me?"

"Oh yes. Come along, Mr. Westmair," she said, taking the old gentleman's arm; "you and I are in the way."

But the old gentleman was in a strange mood also, and did not move at her request.

"Miss Kirby's father—wait a minute. Why, that must be Jonathan Kirby, Abel?" he said.

"Yes, Jonathan Kirby."

"Poor man! They have brought him down here, then?"

"Yes," said Abel, laconically.

"And Miss Kirby's sister," said the old man, nibbling at the tips of his gloves in his perplexity; "who the deuce is she? Oh! I know—the pretty girl who came with you"—pointing suddenly to me—"to Belgrave Square, and wondered if we Westmairs had made our money honestly. Fancy that, Abel—only imagine being told that, in one's own house!" he added, with an excitement that palsied him for a while.

"Will you go home with Jane?" said Abel, in those clear, impressive tones which few could withstand; "I wish it."

"Certainly, my boy. I don't want to stay out any longer," he said; "I have got the earache now."

Old Mr. Westmair tottered away with his daughter-in-law, and Abel looked after them attentively.

"That's a very hateful dress," he muttered, in critical disparagement of Aunt Jane's costume, before he turned to me, and said, "Shall we walk up the pier?"

I had no objection to offer, and we went slowly toward the pier head. It was nine o'clock: the musicians were packing up their instruments, the visitors were drifting homeward, a few late folk excepted, who had cigars to finish or another out-look at the sea to take, or a few love passages to whisper to each other before the pier bell rang off all loiterers.

"You have seen them, then," were Abel Westmair's first words; "they have come after you?"

"No, I have met them accidentally."

"Mrs. Westmair thought that you had recognized some of the yacht folk—they were your father and sister?"

"Yes."

"Your father is doing well, I hope, with his polish?" said Abel, to my surprise.

"You know all, then!" I exclaimed.

"I know that a small private company has been established to compete with a particular branch of my business," said Abel, "and I heard a fortnight since that your father was the promoter."

"And you did not tell me," I said.

"I thought that Mr. Kirby would prefer to tell you himself—and I was not quite certain that you were in ignorance of the facts."

"I did not learn any thing until to-night," I answered. "It has been a great surprise to me."

"Your father may realize a fortune: there are great profits to be made," said Abel, "even with an inferior article."

"You are not hurt at the opposition?" I said, eagerly; "it does not seem like—like ingratitude to you?"

"Not at all," was his reply; "I am neither hurt by, nor afraid of, opposition. Scores have opposed me before, and failed before. Mr. Kirby has probably a better chance of success than others have had; he is nearer the truth; he starts with an experience of the trade, and may succeed. I hope he will."

"Oh! I am so glad to hear you say this!" I exclaimed.

"Why glad?" he asked, in surprise.

"My father was afraid that you would resent his starting this business; he has been fearful of your hearing of his connection with it; he—"

"Yes, yes," he said, interrupting me impatiently, "he is a nervous man, and with a poor estimate of human nature."

"Let me tell you that—that when he—robbed you, Mr. Westmair," I said, eagerly, "he had always intended to repay the money, should his experiments prove successful. He had always been sure of—of restoring to you all that he—that he took. My sister Kate told me that only this evening."

Abel Westmair did not appear to pay any attention to my poor stammering plea for my father's crime. It was the weakest of explanations, and I was ashamed of it myself when I had put it into words.

"Very likely," he said, in that half-absent manner which had already disturbed Aunt Jane's equanimity that evening: "the sinner has always an excuse for his sin—generally a very bad one, when we brush the sophistry from it. I—There, I have pained you again?"

"No," I answered, in a low tone.

"I was scarcely thinking of this," he said; "I did not want to talk about it, only so far as it affects you."

"As it affects me!" I repeated.

He was silent for several moments; then he said, with a sudden and strange huskiness,

"You will go away with your father and sister—they will want to take you away—they have already asked you?"

"Yes, they have already asked me," I replied.

"I was sure of it," he said, drawing himself up in a more erect and stately fashion. "When do they want you to go?"

"To-morrow."

"That is scant notice and scant ceremony, but I will throw no obstacle in the way of your joining the family," he said, coldly.

I knew by the tone of his voice that he was offended with me—that he was more deeply hurt than he cared to exhibit to my watchful eyes. But I understood him better now: the atmosphere through which I had surveyed him was no longer the distorting medium between me and his character; his stoicism, his hardness, his assumed indifference to my actions, as to the actions of the outer world, were things to be set aside in taking Abel Westmair into consideration, and in arriving at his truer estimate. I knew that he was sorry to think that I was going away—and I was glad that my going or staying was of some moment to him. He was to be related to me presently, and I felt that already I was something more in the Westmair family than simply Ettie's governess. I was woman enough to enjoy my sense of having disturbed this strong man's equanimity; I prolonged the pleasure of making him angry, and I allowed him to walk on by my side in moody silence, until he began to take long strides, and I had to break into little runs to keep up with him. When I had grown somewhat short of breath I gasped forth,

"But I am not going away to-morrow, Mr. Westmair."

"Ah! next week perhaps," he said, with the same studied indifference; "that will give you time to pack up, and so forth."

"I am not going away at all."

"What!" he said, astonished at last, and coming to a full stop in order to regard me in the night's shadow.

"No—I am not going," I said, demurely. "I thought that my father was in good hands with Kate to take care of him; that I might be of more service where I am—with Ettie and you all—that I might be even happier."

He held his hands toward me, and shook mine with a warmth and heartiness that were strangely demonstrative for him.

"I thank you very much," he said, hoarsely, again—why did he keep getting as hoarse as a crow, I wondered, unless the sea-air had settled on his chest?—"I am very glad that you do not desert us yet a while."

"Thank you," I replied, and by way of gratitude, I suppose, for his thanks. "And there was Martin to consider," I added.

He dropped my hands.

"Ah! yes—there's my nephew too," he said, with extraordinary cheerfulness; "I had forgotten him for the moment—and Martin is the principal character in the play, with some long speeches all to himself in the next act. And the next act begins to-morrow, with the 8.50 train, and Martin's reappearance on the busy scene."

The next act!

CHAPTER VII.

BETTER FRIENDS.

THE first person to meet me on the following morning was my sister Kate. I had scarcely stepped from the garden of our house to the Esplanade when she made her appearance, in the daintiest of morning or half-mourning toilets. Ettie was my companion on this occasion, and she shook hands with her, and kissed her affectionately.

"You must not mind," she said to Ettie, "I am Faith's sister; you remember me? you have heard my sister speak of little Kate Kirby very often?"

"I don't know that Faith has spoken of you very frequently," said Ettie, regarding my sister with attention, "but I remember you very well indeed."

"That's right—I don't like to be forgotten—I never did," said Katie. She turned and walked with us down the Esplanade.

"I was coming for you," she said as she walked on by my side, "lest you should have thought that father and I were hurt in any way by your decision—for it *is* a decision, firm and irrevocable, Faith?"

I scarcely liked her way of putting it, but I replied, "Yes."

"Father and I sat up late last night to talk of this," she continued, "and we thought at last that you were right, and we were wrong, and that it was for the best that existing arrangements should not be disturbed. I wanted to fly away with my sister," she added, for Ettie's especial edification, "but she will not be lured away from you, Miss Westmair."

"I am glad," Ettie answered, softly, as she pressed my arm on which her hand was resting.

"Until times are changed, affairs are more settled, and you and I have grown more accustomed to each other, Faith," she added—and I could fancy there was a faint ring of bitterness in her voice—"it may be as well to leave the position undisturbed."

"As it would have remained undisturbed had we not met yesterday," I answered.

"You brood upon that," said Katie, quickly.

"No, Kate, you mistake me. I would only clearly understand every thing, now that chance has brought us together."

"Not chance, child—blind fate."

I looked at her now in much the same observant way as Ettie Westmair was looking.

She was flushed, there was a feverish brilliancy in her eyes, and she had spoken already with excitement. She detected my gaze, and said, lightly and laughingly,

"Blind, blundering fate, or kind, friendly fate, that brings us together when it might have been better—ah! so much better—to keep us apart, passionately as we love each other!"

"I hope we do."

"I hope we do," she echoed—"I think we do. For we are to be friends, companions, sisters, while we are here. The old times, the old ties, draw us nearer—the new duties, the new feelings, are not going to separate us yet?"

"No, Kate."

"That's well. I was afraid—"

"Of what?" I asked, as she paused.

"Of you perhaps—of myself surely. Ah! you do not understand me," she said, hurriedly, "and I am as incoherent as ever. I was coming to talk to you, to scold you, to quarrel, to make it up, all by our two selves this morning, and here I am as full of riddles as the sphinx."

"I think I will go back, if you will allow me, Faith," said Ettie, very quickly: "you and your sister would like to be together for a little while."

"We shall see a great deal of each other presently," I said; "there are many days of holiday-making to look forward too."

"I would rather go back," said Ettie; "I will find papa before he steals away."

Ettie let go my arm, and hastened back toward the house, and Kate took her place.

"That's an extremely sensible child, whom I should like very much, or hate very much—I hardly know which," said Kate. "Will she make mischief, and tell the good Westmairs that you have sent her home because you wanted to speak to me?"

"Ettie is not a child of that sort," I said, a little indignantly.

"Taken for granted that she is a wonderful girl, to match the rest of a wonderful family," Kate said, "and so an end of her. Now about the sweetheart?"

"About Mr. Martin Westmair?"

"Yes. How did it begin, when did it begin, and who began it?" she ran on; "tell me every thing, to show me that there are no secrets between us, that we are as we were, and that this is not an illusion. I am all curiosity—excitement—eagerness. I am terribly old, Faith; but a love story has its fascinations for me, despite my age and utter worldliness, and your love story has a right to interest the only sister Heaven has blessed you with."

I scarcely could account for her manner, but in her impulse and her excitement she was like the little Kate of old times, the sister whom I had loved so well and missed so much. We went down the pier together. It was a cold breezy day: the hour was ten, and the visitors were not abroad in any number. There were only six people on the pier—and one man reading a newspaper in the distance, with his head buried between the open sheets as though he were eating it, in lieu of fighting with the wind which took it out of form.

I told Kate all my story in a quiet fashion, omitting nothing of importance to account for my engagement, relating how it came on step by step toward me, and how I had learned to love him at last, as he had always loved me from the first. I dare say that I sang to the praises of my lover very eloquently, having faith in my listener's confidence, and being sure of her sympathy. The ice was broken, and there had been no woman to talk to before. I was happy in my revelation, and Katie saw that, and did not check me till the last, when I discovered that there were tears glistening on her cheeks.

"Kate, dear, what is the matter? What have I said?" I cried.

"Nothing—nothing; but yours is a simple, truthful narrative, which takes root here—here," she said, striking her bosom, "where my heart used to be. Oh, Faith! I must tell you something; I can't go on like this any longer; I can't be all that's false to *you!*"

I turned to her again in my surprise and love—and once more her face changed, and set hard and fast as with an unlooked-for frost.

"Who's this?" she said, in a sharp tone. The man who had been reading his newspaper under the shelter of the light-house at the pier-head had risen and was coming toward us, all smiles, until my sister's face or mine, or the gravity on both of them, changed the aspect of his own, and turned him white as with a sudden sense of danger.

"Martin," I cried, "here so soon! Kate," I added, in a quick whisper, "this is HE!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MAN who bought a thousand Havana cigars recently, on being asked what he was carrying, replied that they were tickets to a course of lectures to be given by his wife.

◆

If there is one thing we like more than another, it is a simple, direct, intelligible statement of something we are interested in. How, then, can we be sufficiently grateful to Professor Agassiz for informing us that "trilobites are not any more closely related to the phyllopods than to any other entomostracæ, or to the isopod?"

◆

FIELD EXERCISE—Plowing.

◆

A MARINE SWELL—The porpoise.

◆

"Dicky" Turner, the Preston operative—the originator, it is said, of the word "teetotal" as now used—was a rousing speaker, with an imagination that ran riot through all kinds of images. In one of his speeches he is said to have made the following extraordinary appeal: "Let us be up and doing, comrades! Let us take our axes over our shoulders, and plow the deep till the good ship *Temperance* sails gayly over the land."

◆

Sydney Smith once commenced a charity sermon by saying: "Benevolence is a sentiment common to human nature. A never sees B in distress without asking C to relieve him."

◆

CON.—When is a milkman like a fiddle?—When he is a Cremona (cream owner).

◆

In the course of a changeful winter a very sudden and severe frost enabled the dealers in ice and iced articles to obtain a good supply of the important but perishable crystal, which it was an object of anxiety to secure from any immediate return of the thaw. An Irish confectioner was accordingly busily and lustily shoveling into his cellar a valuable load or two during a dismal and doubtful cold day, when a neighbor made a remark on the bustle he was in. "Yes indeed," was the reply; "you see, I'm after making hay while the sun shines."

◆

Little fish have a good notion as to the commencing of life—they always begin on a small scale.

◆

Did the man who plowed seas, and afterward planted his foot upon native soil, ever harvest his crops?

◆

An instance of throwing one's self about was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party, in the case of a young lady who, when asked to sing, first tossed her head and then pitched her voice.

◆

Speaking regarding some gunning exploits, a sportsman narrates a singular instance of a gun hanging fire. He had snapped his gun at a gray squirrel, and the cap had exploded; but the piece not going off, he took it from his shoulder, looked down into the barrel, and saw the charge just starting, when, bringing it to his shoulder again, it went off and killed the squirrel.

◆

MOTTO FOR GROCERS—Honest tea is the best policy.

◆

Why is a man who marries an heiress a lover of music?—Because he marries for-tune.

◆

A fop, wishing to excite the higher sentiments of his lady-love, and turn her mind to the contemplation of noble themes, said, "Maria, what do you suppose I was a hundred years ago?" To which Maria responded, "Just what you are now—nothing at all!"

◆

Is it imagined that the polar bear considers his habitation *an ice place?*

◆

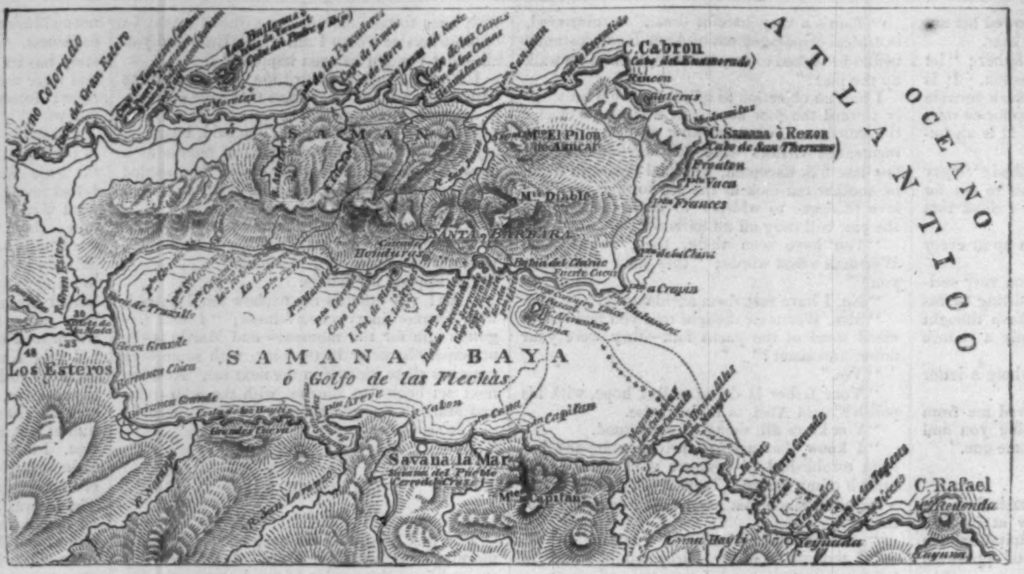
"It is a sin to steal a pin," and a man has been arrested for that very offense. The pin has a diamond attached to it.

◆

A Michigan school-master says: "I will spell eny man, womun, or child in the hull state fur a dickshunary, or kash priez of one hundred dollars a side, the money to be awarded by a kommittee of clergymen or skool directors. There has been a darned site blown about my spellin; now I want them to put me up or to shet up. I won't be put down by a passel of ignaramuses because I differ with noar Webster's style of spelling."

SANTO DOMINGO.

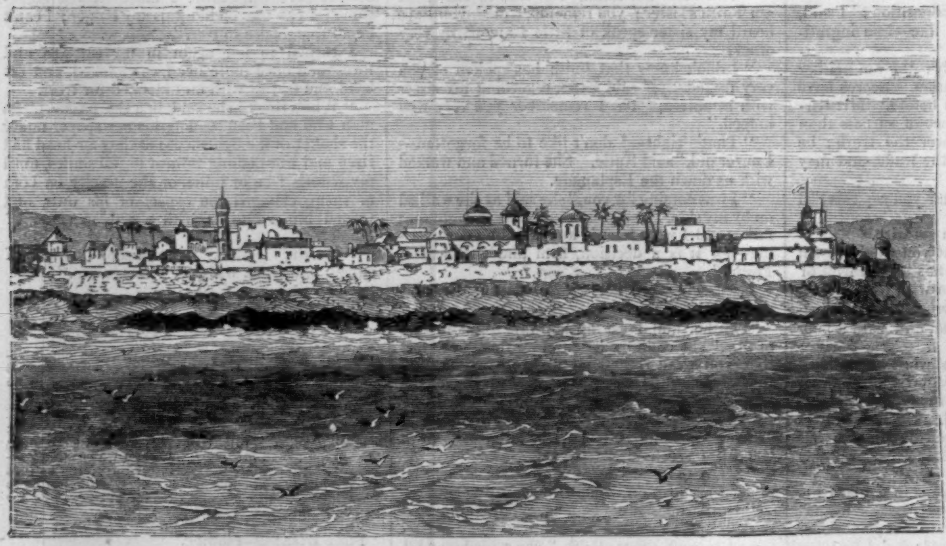
IT is nearly four centuries since the first colony of Europeans was planted in the island of Santo Domingo by the Grand Admiral of Spain. The most beautiful, delightful, and bounteous of all the islands of the Western Main on which his eyes had looked, it was called by the great discoverer "The Cradle of the New World." Here he fondly hoped to found an empire for his sovereign, whose glories would eclipse all the splendors of the East. The hope was not extravagant. Nowhere has Nature been more lavish of her gifts. A mild and salubrious climate, a soil which produces spontaneously richer harvests than are forced by skillful husbandry in other lands, rich in the precious ores, the island seemed designed to be the abode of happiness and prosperity. At the time of its discovery it was inhabited by a peaceful, docile race, naturally indolent, but, when roused, capable of energetic action, who might have been educated by just and Christian treatment to take their place among civilized peoples.


ATLANTICO
OCEANO
C. Cabron
Cabo del Enamorado
Rincon
C. Samana ò Rezon
Cabo de San Theramo
Pta Vaca
Pta Frances
SAMANA
Mte El Pilon de Azucar
Mte Diable
SANTA BARBARA
Honduras
Bahia del Clarin
Fuerte Cacao
Caño Colorado
Boca del Gran Estero
Pta Moretes
R. Gran Estero
Los Esteros
Boca de Truxillo
Boca Grande
Barranca Chica
Barranca Grande
Grandes Cuevas
SAMANA BAYA
ó Golfo de las Flechas
R. Yabon
Pta Capitan
Savana la Mar
Savana del Pueblo
Cerro de la Cruz
Mte Capitan
Morro Grande
Yeguada
C. Rafael
Mte Redonda
Laguna

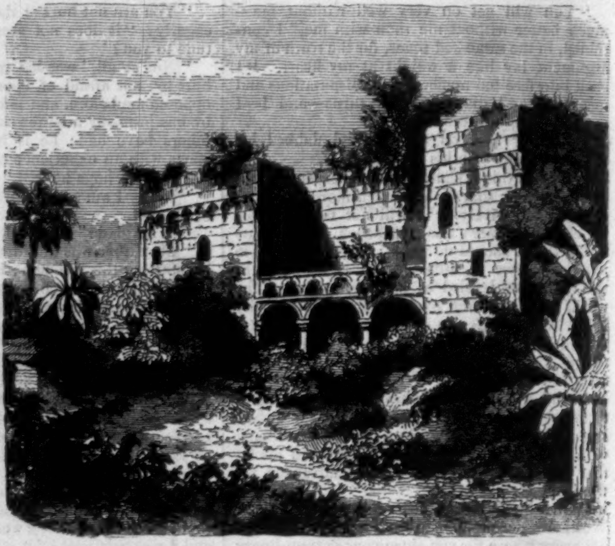
MAP OF SAMANA BAY.

The rapacity and cruelty of the invaders, who made their religion the cloak of every form of selfish wickedness, prevented the realization of these lofty hopes. Years of bloodshed and oppression crushed the native race out of existence. The second century after the discovery of the island had scarcely begun when the last of them disappeared. The conquerors thought only of present gain. Their policy was to squeeze as much as possible for themselves out of the island, leaving posterity to shift for itself. Wars and revolutions lent their aid in the work of desolation, and made the "Paradise of the New World" a pandemonium of cruelty and hideous wrong. So far from reaching the splendid development which COLUMBUS hoped for it, the island is at this day almost as backward in the arts of civilization and peace as it was when the harmless race of savages, less savage than their Christian conquerors, idled away their aimless lives under its genial skies. Its fertile plains lie untilled. Its rich mines withhold their wealth. There is not a plow on the whole island, and the only steam-engine ever erected there was destroyed by the Spaniards in 1865. Immense forests of mahogany and other precious woods sink, unused, to decay. An idle, thriftless population, debased by superstition and ignorance, encumber the soil they know not how nor care to cultivate. Yet the island itself is still a paradise. Nowhere in the world is to be found a more delicious climate, more beautiful landscapes, a more bounteous soil; and now that American enterprise has been directed thither, the dreams of the Grand Admiral may yet be realized. Though lying within a week's voyage from New York, its deplorable condition has kept it an almost unknown country; and when, in 1871, the United States Commissioners went down to ascertain the sentiment of the people with regard to annexation, and report upon the capabilities of the island, they may be said to have rediscovered the island. Their full and elaborate reports, with which our readers are doubtless familiar, have been supplemented by a very entertaining and useful book by Mr. SAMUEL HAZARD, who accompanied them, which will shortly appear from the press of HARPER & BROTHERS. Mr. HAZARD not only sailed round a good part of the coast, but traversed the island from end to end, on foot or on horseback, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with its people, its products, and its capabilities. His work is entitled *Santo Domingo, Past and Present; with a Glance at Hayti.* It is embellished with maps and numerous illustrations, specimens of which accompany this article.

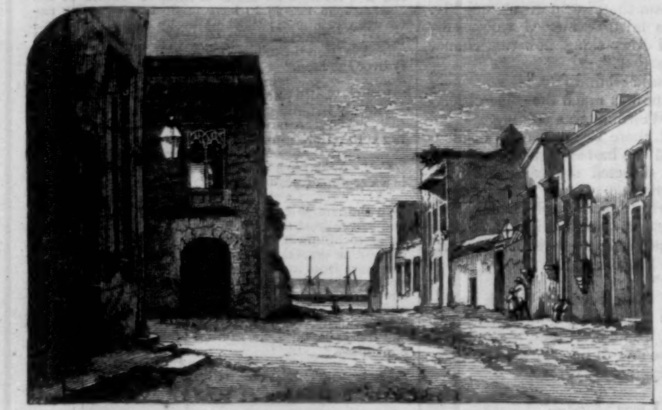
Coasting along the shores, where COLUMBUS found populous villages, Mr. HAZARD saw but scanty signs of human activity. Luxuriant forests rise between the sea-shore and the mountain ranges which divide the island. The magnificent bay of Samana, at the eastern end, presents scenes of marvelous tropical beauty, but of comparative solitude. The old city of Santo Domingo, one of the earliest European settlements in the New World, stands on the shore of this bay. Here is the grand old cathedral, where the bones of COLUMBUS rested for more than two centuries; the massive walls built by OVANDO; the ruins of the house erected by DIEGO COLUMBUS, the admiral's son; and a curious well, constructed by his broth-



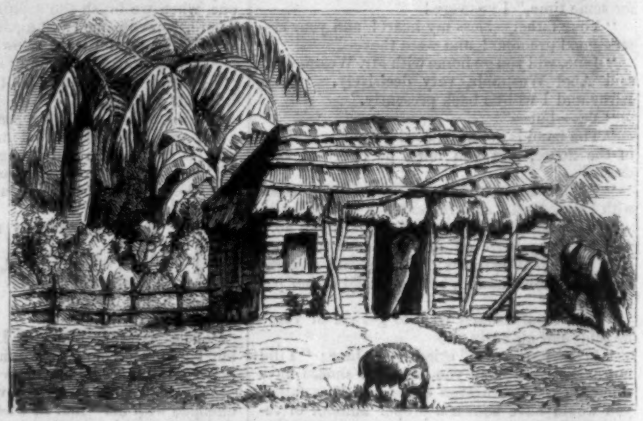
SANTO-DOMINGO CITY.



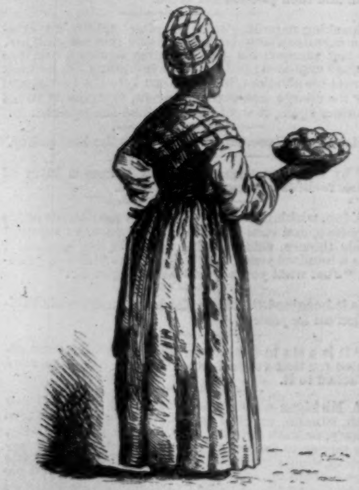
HOUSE OF DON DIEGO COLUMBUS.



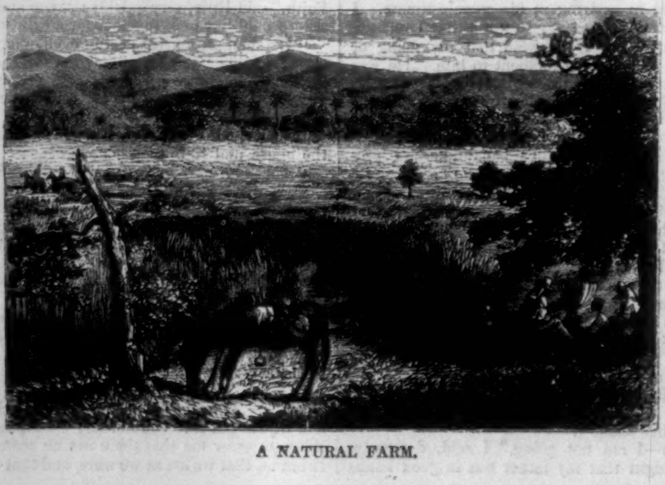
AN OLD STREET IN SANTO DOMINGO CITY.



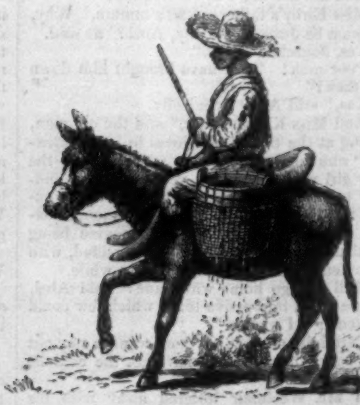
A NATIVE HUT.



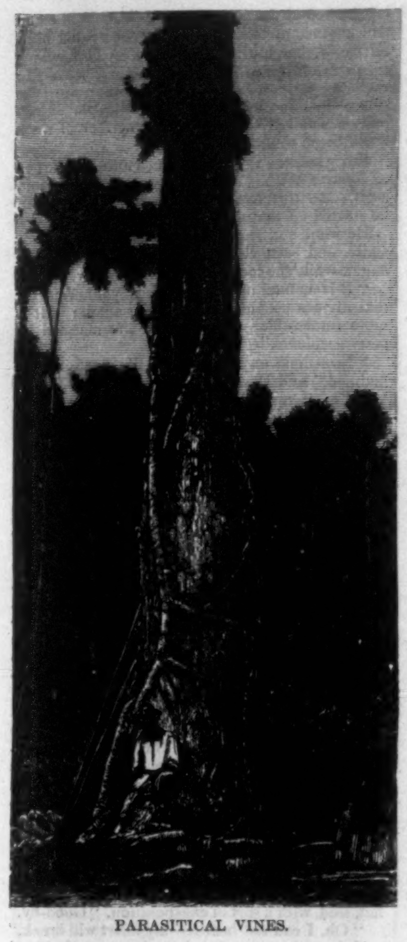
DOMINICAN NEGRO WOMAN.



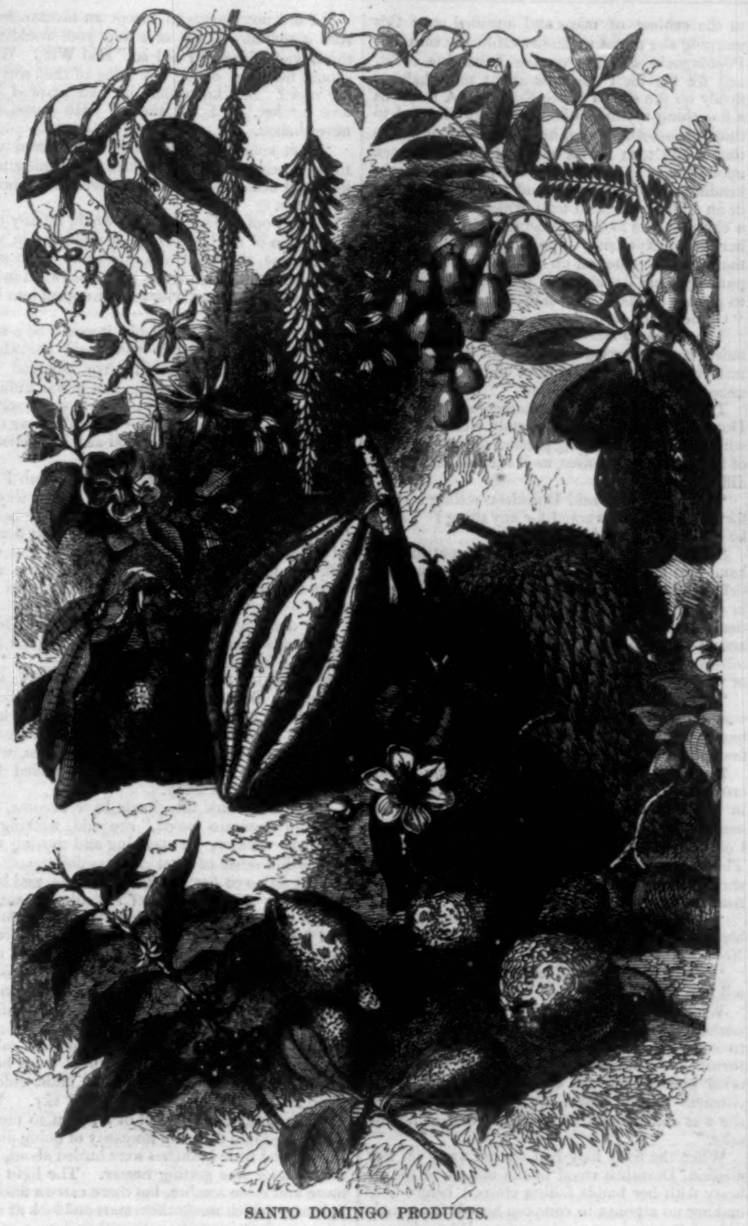
A NATURAL FARM.



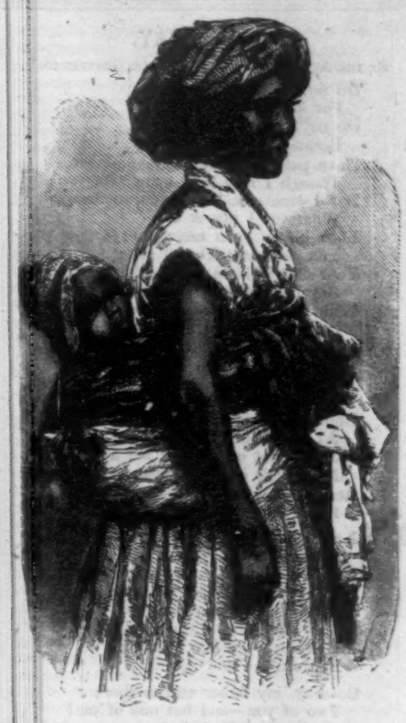
WATER-CARRIER.



PARASITICAL VINES.

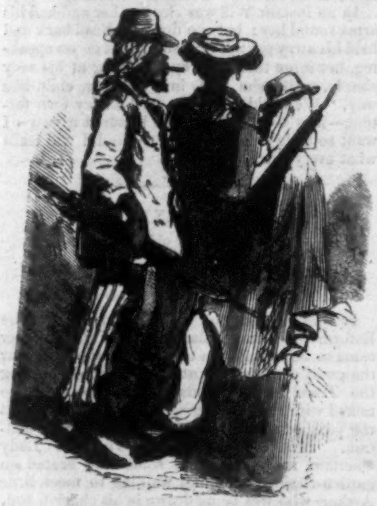


SANTO DOMINGO PRODUCTS.



COUNTRY-WOMAN AND "PICKANINNY."

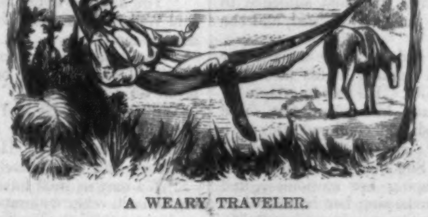
er BARTOLOMÉ. It is a place which, in its decay, brings back the memory of many a stirring episode in the history of Spanish conquest, and there is certainly no place in the New World of greater interest. In its fallen state it retains its unrivaled beauty; but long years of adversity and revolution have impoverished the old city, killing all enterprise, and destroying all sense of security.



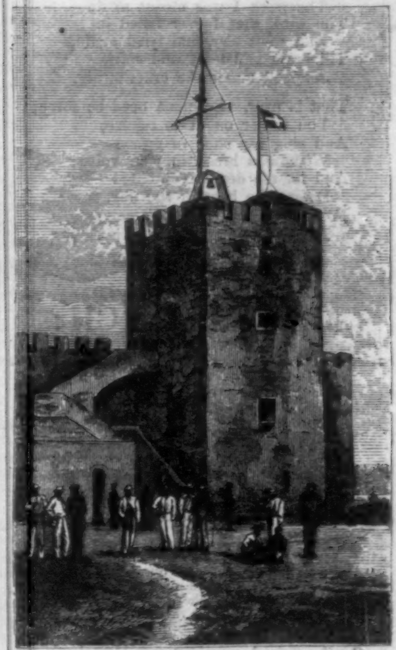
HAYTIAN GENTLEMEN.

Mr. HAZARD is a very pleasant companion over the mountains and round the coasts of the beautiful island; and no one can rise from the perusal of his book without wishing to see with his own eyes the natural wonders and the people so vividly described. His account of the Vega Real, or Royal Plain, lying between the two mountain ranges which traverse the island from end to end, reads like the description of some enchanted valley. The name was given to it by COLUMBUS, who was enraptured with the glorious view that burst upon him on reaching the summit of the Santo Cerro, or Sacred Hill. In this plain is the principal agricultural wealth of the island: here is grown the great crop of tobacco which finds a market in Hamburg; here are the rich cocoa plantations; and here are the largest and most thriving towns — Cotrey, La Vega, and Santiago. Here, too, is the centre of the mining interest, gold and iron being found in the neighboring mountains.

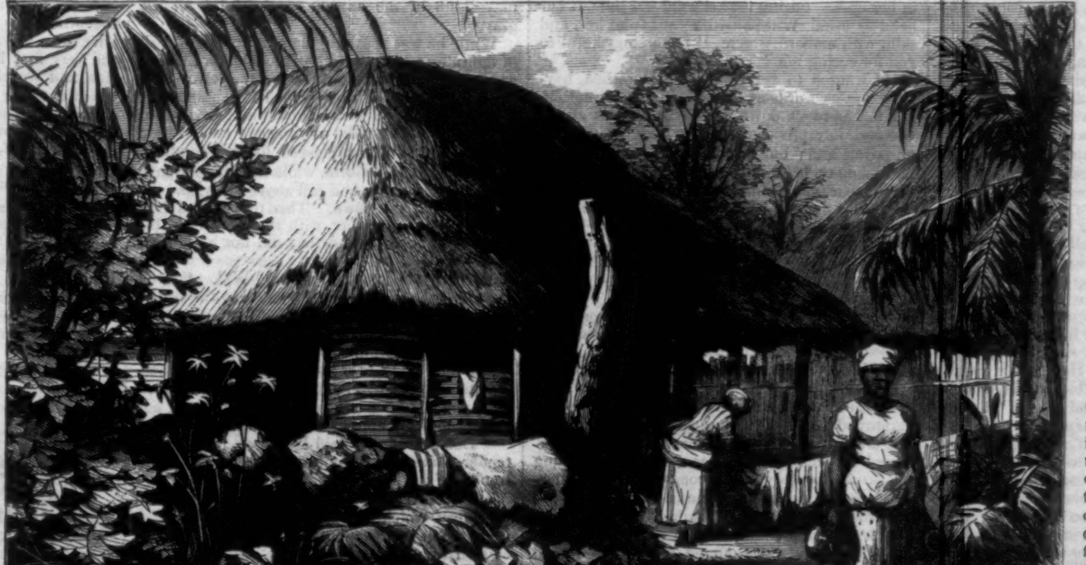
From the Dominican part of the island Mr. HAZARD proceeded to the western division, occupied by the negro republic of Hayti. This end of the magnificent island is in a far worse condition than the eastern. All the signs of the old French civilization are disappearing. There are no manufactures, the government is bankrupt, the roads and bridges are falling into decay, the towns are in ruins, and the men are living on the industry of the women. Yet the climate and the soil are favorable to the most abundant culture of tropical productions. Tobacco, cotton, sugar-cane, and coffee might be grown in abundance; but the indolent population, easily satisfied, are content to subsist on the spontaneous gifts of the glorious climate. Where the orange, the banana, the cocoa-nut, the plantain, grow of their own accord the natives have little incentive to labor. The island once supported a population estimated at half a million: it could sustain upward of two millions in comfort and plenty; but civil turmoils, misgovernment, and all the evils arising from a degraded state of religion and education have conspired against progress and development in every form. Our illustrations give a graphic picture of the condition of the island. The towns are decaying. The fertile lands lie waste. Huts in every state of dilapidation bespeak the character of the people. Except in the towns, wheeled vehicles are unknown, and produce is carried to market on mules and donkeys. Yet in no country in the world does nature bestow her gifts with a more lavish hand. There every thing flourishes as if it loved to grow. See the luxuriance of forest growths in our pictures of the parasitical vines and the group of tropical fruits, and think what wisely directed enterprise and capital might do in a country where the soil and the climate are so propitious! The new Samana Bay Company have a glorious opportunity. The company will have, according to the report of the commissioners, "exclusive jurisdiction for its officers and tribunals, executive, legislative, and judicial, in the peninsula of Samana, and over the waters, islands, and reefs of the bay." It is empowered to impose and collect its own duties, taxes, port charges, etc., for its own use. Traffic with any other portion of the republic is to be secured to the merchants, "without any discriminating imposts whatever." Under these auspices the island may again deserve the name it once bore—the "Paradise of the New World."



A WEARY TRAVELER.



THE CITADEL.



NEGRO HABITATIONS.

GOING AWAY.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Do not be angry with me
  For an idle word I say;
Do not be angry, father,
  Because I am going away.
Have patience with me, my mother,
  Though I may have none with you;
But I love you, I love you, mother,
  Whatever I say or do.
Look kindly upon me, sister;
  You are beautiful and gay;
Your days will be long and happy,
  But I am going away.
With me, if you can but read it,
  Clear written on cheek and brow,
There is no past and no future—
  Only a brief calm Now:
A little space to be glad in,
  A lesser space to grieve,
And life's whole scene fades from me
  As a landscape fades at eve:
Except—that eve I shall see not;
  My day is ended at noon;
And the saddest bit of the story
  Is—it does not end too soon.

I am so weary, weary!
  I could turn my face to the wall,
Like a sick child, long ere bed-time,
  Drop asleep among you all:
So glad that lessons are over,
  Still gladder that play is done,
And a dusky curtain stretches
  Between me and the sun.

Good-by, my father and mother;
  Two of you—and but one of me!
And, sister, you'll find some stranger
  Much closer than I could be.
One more—but death's quiet teaching
  Is making me slowly wise:
My heart, too poor for his keeping,
  Thou, God, Thou wilt not despise:
My soul, too weak for earth's battle,
  Thou wilt gird up anew;
And the angels shall see me doing
  The work I was meant to do—
The work that I ever failed in,
  And wept o'er, and tried again,
Till brain and body and spirit
  Snapped under the cruel strain.

That is over. So, none need be sorry;
  You rather ought to rejoice,
And sing my *vade in pacem*
  Without a break in your voice;
And let me depart contented
  Before the heat of the day,
For I shall still be God's servant,
  Although I have gone away.

(Continued from No. 840, page 112.)

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

BOOK VIII.

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

"And now good-morrow to our waking souls
  Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love all love of other sights controls,
  And makes one little room an every where."
—Dr. Donne.

On the second morning after Dorothea's visit to Rosamond she had had two nights of sound sleep, and had not only lost all traces of fatigue, but felt as if she had a great deal of superfluous strength—that is to say, more strength than she could manage to concentrate on any occupation. The day before, she had taken long walks outside the grounds, and had paid two visits to the parsonage; but she never in her life told any one the reason why she spent her time in that fruitless manner, and this morning she was rather angry with herself for her childish restlessness. To-day was to be spent quite differently. What was there to be done in the village? Oh dear! nothing. Every body was well and had flannel; nobody's pig had died; and it was Saturday morning, when there was a general scrubbing of floors and door-stones, and when it was useless to go into the school. But there were various subjects that Dorothea was trying to get clear upon, and she resolved to throw herself energetically into the gravest of all. She sat down in the library before her particular little heap of books on political economy and kindred matters, out of which she was trying to get light as to the best way of spending money so as not to injure one's neighbors, or—what comes to the same thing—so as to do them the most good. Here was a weighty subject which, if she could but lay hold of it, would certainly keep her mind steady. Unhappily her mind slipped off it for a whole hour; and at the end she found herself reading sentences twice over with an intense consciousness of many things, but not of any one thing contained in the text. This was hopeless. Should she order the carriage and drive to Tipton? No; for some reason or other she preferred staying at Lowick. But her vagrant mind must be reduced to order: there was an art in self-discipline; and she walked round and round the brown library considering by what sort of manœuvre she could arrest her wandering thoughts. Perhaps a mere task was the best means—something to which she must go doggedly. Was there not the geography of Asia Minor, in which her slackness had often been rebuked by Mr. Casaubon? She went to the cabinet of maps and unrolled one: this morning she might make herself finally sure that Paphlagonia was not on the Levantine coast, and fix her total darkness about the Chalybes firmly on the shores of the Euxine. A map was a fine thing to study when you were disposed to think of something else, being made up of names that would turn into a chime if you went back upon them. Dorothea set earnestly to work, bending close to her map, and uttering the names in an audible, subdued tone, which often got into a chime. She looked amusingly girlish after all her deep experience—nodding her head and marking the names off on her fingers, with a little pursing of her lip, and now and then breaking off to put her hands on each side of her face and say, "Oh dear! oh dear!"

There was no reason why this should end any more than a merry-go-round; but it was at last interrupted by the opening of the door and the announcement of Miss Noble.

The little old lady, whose bonnet hardly reached Dorothea's shoulder, was warmly welcomed, but while her hand was being pressed she made many of her beaver-like noises, as if she had something difficult to say.

"Do sit down," said Dorothea, rolling a chair forward. "Am I wanted for any thing? I shall be so glad if I can do any thing."

"I will not stay," said Miss Noble, putting her hand into her small basket, and holding some article inside it nervously; "I have left a friend in the church-yard." She lapsed into her inarticulate sounds, and unconsciously drew forth the article which she was fingering. It was the tortoise-shell lozenge-box, and Dorothea felt the color mounting to her cheeks.

"Mr. Ladislaw," continued the timid little woman. "He fears he has offended you, and has begged me to ask if you will see him for a few minutes."

Dorothea did not answer on the instant: it was crossing her mind that she could not receive him in this library, where her husband's prohibition seemed to dwell. She looked toward the window. Could she go out and meet him in the grounds? The sky was heavy, and the trees had begun to shiver as at a coming storm. Besides, she shrank from going out to him.

"Do see him, Mrs. Casaubon," said Miss Noble, pathetically; "else I must go back and say No, and that will hurt him."

"Yes, I will see him," said Dorothea. "Pray tell him to come."

What else was there to be done? There was nothing that she longed for at that moment except to see Will: the possibility of seeing him had thrust itself insistently between her and every other object; and yet she had a throbbing excitement like an alarm upon her—a sense that she was doing something daringly defiant for his sake.

When the little lady had trotted away on her mission, Dorothea stood in the middle of the library with her hands falling clasped before her, making no attempt to compose herself in an attitude of dignified unconsciousness. What she was least conscious of just then was her own body: she was thinking of what was likely to be in Will's mind, and of the hard feelings that others had had about him. How could any duty bind her to hardness? Resistance to unjust dispraise had mingled with her feeling for him from the very first, and now in the rebound of her heart after her anguish the resistance was stronger than ever. "If I love him too much it is because he has been used so ill:"—there was a voice within her saying that to some imagined audience in the library, when the door was opened, and she saw Will before her.

She did not move, and he came toward her with more doubt and timidity in his face than she had ever seen before. He was in a state of uncertainty, which made him afraid lest some look or word of his should condemn him to a new distance from her; and Dorothea was afraid of her own emotion. She looked as if there were a spell upon her, keeping her motionless, and hindering her from unclasping her hands, while some intense, grave yearning was imprisoned within her eyes. Seeing that she did not put out her hand as usual, Will paused a yard from her, and said, with embarrassment, "I am so grateful to you for seeing me."

"I wanted to see you," said Dorothea, having no other words at command. It did not occur to her to sit down, and Will did not give a cheerful interpretation to this queenly way of receiving him; but he went on to say what he had made up his mind to say:

"I fear you think me foolish and perhaps wrong for coming back so soon. I have been punished for my impatience. You know—every one knows now—a painful story about my parentage. I knew of it before I went away, and I always meant to tell you of it if—if we ever met again."

There was a slight movement in Dorothea, and she unclasped her hands, but immediately folded them over each other.

"But the affair is matter of gossip now," Will continued. "I wished you to know that something connected with it—something which happened before I went away, helped to bring me down here again. At least, I thought it excused my coming. It was the idea of getting Bulstrode to apply some money to a public purpose—some money which he had thought of giving me. Perhaps it is rather to Bulstrode's credit that he privately offered me compensation for an old injury: he offered to give me a good income to make amends; but I suppose you know the disagreeable story?"

Will looked doubtfully at Dorothea, but his manner was gathering some of the defiant courage with which he always thought of this fact in his destiny. He added, "You know that it must be altogether painful to me."

"Yes—yes—I know," said Dorothea, hastily.

"I did not choose to accept an income from such a source. I was sure that you would not think well of me if I did so," said Will. Why should he mind saying any thing of that sort to her now? She knew that he had avowed his love for her. "I felt that—" He broke off, nevertheless.

"You acted as I should have expected you to act," said Dorothea, her face brightening, and her head becoming a little more erect on its beautiful stem.

"I did not believe that you would let any circumstance of my birth create a prejudice in you against me, though it was sure to do so in others," said Will, shaking his head backward in his old way, and looking with a grave appeal into her eyes.

"If it were a new hardship, it would be a new reason for me to cling to you," said Dorothea, fervidly. "Nothing could have changed me but"—her heart was swelling, and it was difficult to go on; she made a great effort over herself to say, in a low, tremulous voice—"but thinking that you were different—not so good as I had believed you to be."

"You are sure to believe me better than I am in every thing but one," said Will, giving way to his own feeling in the evidence of hers. "I mean, in my truth to you. When I thought you doubted of that, I didn't care about any thing that was left. I thought it was all over with me, and there was nothing to try for—only things to endure."

"I don't doubt you any longer," said Dorothea, putting out her hand—a vague fear for him impelling her unutterable affection.

He took her hand and raised it to his lips, with something like a sob. But he stood with his hat and gloves in the other hand, and might have done for the portrait of a Royalist. Still, it was difficult to loose the hand, and Dorothea, withdrawing it in a confusion that distressed her, looked and moved away.

"See how dark the clouds have become, and how the trees are tossed," she said, walking toward the window, yet speaking and moving with only a dim sense of what she was doing.

Will followed her at a little distance, and leaned against the tall back of a leather chair, on which he ventured now to lay his hat and gloves, and free himself from the intolerable durance of formality to which he had been for the first time condemned in Dorothea's presence. It must be confessed that he felt very happy at that moment leaning on the chair. He was not much afraid of any thing that she might feel now.

They stood silent, not looking at each other, but looking at the evergreens which were being tossed, and were showing the pale under side of their leaves against the blackening sky. Will never enjoyed the prospect of a storm so much: it delivered him from the necessity of going away. Leaves and little branches were hurled about, and the thunder was getting nearer. The light was more and more sombre, but there came a flash of lightning which made them start and look at each other, and then smile. Dorothea began to say what she had been thinking of:

"That was a wrong thing for you to say, that you would have had nothing to try for. If we had lost our own chief good, other people's good would remain, and that is worth trying for. Some can be happy. I seemed to see that more clearly than ever when I was the most wretched. I can hardly think how I could have borne the trouble, if that feeling had not come to me to make strength."

"You have never felt the sort of misery I felt," said Will, "the misery of knowing that you must despise me."

"But I have felt worse—it was worse to think ill—" Dorothea had begun impetuously, but broke off.

Will colored. He had the sense that whatever she said was uttered in the vision of a fatality that kept them apart. He was silent a moment, and then said, passionately,

"We may at least have the comfort of speaking to each other without disguise. Since I must go away—since we must always be divided—you may think of me as one on the brink of the grave."

While he was speaking there came a vivid flash of lightning which lit each of them up for the other—and the light seemed to be the terror of a hopeless love. Dorothea darted instantaneously from the window; Will followed her, seizing her hand with a spasmodic movement; and so they stood, with their hands clasped, like two children, looking out on the storm, while the thunder gave a tremendous crack and roll above them, and the rain began to pour down. Then they turned their faces toward each other, with the memory of his last words in them, and they did not loose each other's hands.

"There is no hope for me," said Will. "Even if you loved me as well as I love you—even if I were every thing to you—I shall most likely always be very poor—on a sober calculation, one can count on nothing but a creeping lot. It is impossible for us ever to belong to each other. It is perhaps base of me to have asked for a word from you. I meant to go away into silence, but I have not been able to do what I meant."

"Don't be sorry," said Dorothea, in her clear, tender tones. "I would rather share all the trouble of our parting."

Her lips trembled, and so did his. It was never known which lips were the first to move toward the other lips; but they kissed tremblingly, and then they moved apart.

The rain was dashing against the window-panes as if an angry spirit were within it, and behind it was the great swoop of the wind; it was one of those moments in which both the busy and the idle pause with a certain awe.

Dorothea sat down on the seat nearest to her, a long, low ottoman in the middle of the room, and, with her hands folded over each other on her lap, looked at the drear outer world. Will stood still an instant looking at her, then seated himself beside her, and laid his hand on hers, which turned itself upward to be clasped. They sat in that way without looking at each other, until the rain abated and began to fall in stillness. Each had been full of thoughts which neither of them could begin to utter.

But when the rain was quiet, Dorothea turned to look at Will. With passionate exclamation, as if some torture-screw were threatening him, he started up, and said, "It is impossible!"

He went and leaned on the back of the chair again, and seemed to be battling with his own anger, while she looked toward him sadly.

"It is as fatal as a murder or any other horror that divides people," he burst out again; "it is more intolerable—to have our life maimed by petty accidents."

"No—don't say that—your life need not be maimed," said Dorothea, gently.

"Yes, it must," said Will, angrily. "It is cruel of you to speak in that way—as if there were any comfort. You may see beyond the misery of it, but I don't. It is unkind—it is throwing back my love for you as if it were a trifle, to speak in that way in the face of the fact. We can never be married."

"Some time—we might," said Dorothea, in a trembling voice.

"When?" said Will, bitterly. "What is the use of counting on any success of mine? It is a mere toss-up whether I shall ever do more than keep myself decently, unless I choose to sell myself as a mere pen and a mouth-piece. I can see that clearly enough. I could not offer myself to any woman, even if she had no luxuries to renounce."

There was silence. Dorothea's heart was full of something that she wanted to say, and yet the words were too difficult. She was wholly possessed by them: at that moment debate was mute within her. And it was very hard that she could not say what she wanted to say. Will was looking out of the window angrily. If he would have looked at her and not gone away from her side, she thought every thing would have been easier. At last he turned, still resting against the chair, and, stretching his hand automatically toward his hat, said, with a sort of exasperation, "Good-by."

"Oh, I can not bear it—my heart will break," said Dorothea, starting from her seat, the flood of her young passion bearing down all the obstructions which had kept her silent—the great tears rising and falling in an instant: "I don't mind about poverty—I hate my wealth."

In an instant Will was close to her and had his arms round her; but she drew her head back and held his away gently, that she might go on speaking, her large tear-filled eyes looking at his very simply, while she said, in a sobbing, child-like way, "We could live quite well on my own fortune—it is too much—seven hundred a year—I want so little—no new clothes—and I will learn what every thing costs."

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

"Though it be songe of old and yonge,
  That I sholde be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge, that spoke so large
  In hurtynge of my name."
—*The Not-browne Mayde.*

It was just after the Lords had thrown out the Reform Bill: that explains how Mr. Cadwallader came to be walking on the slope of the lawn near the great conservatory at Freshitt Hall, holding the *Times* in his hands behind him, while he talked with a trout-fisher's dispassionateness about the prospects of the country to Sir James Chettam. Mrs. Cadwallader, the Dowager Lady Chettam, and Celia were sometimes seated on garden-chairs, sometimes walking to meet little Arthur, who was being drawn in his chariot, and, as became the infantine Bouddha, was sheltered by his sacred umbrella with handsome silken fringe.

The ladies also talked politics, though more fitfully. Mrs. Cadwallader was strong on the intended creation of peers: she had it for certain from her cousin that Truberry had gone over to the other side entirely at the instigation of his wife, who had scented peerages in the air from the very first introduction of the Reform question, and would sign her soul away to take precedence of her younger sister, who had married a baronet. Lady Chettam thought that such conduct was very reprehensible, and remembered that Mrs. Truberry's mother was a Miss Walsingham of Melspring. Celia confessed it was nicer to be "Lady" than "Mrs.," and that Dodo never minded about precedence if she could have her own way. Mrs. Cadwallader held that it was a poor satisfaction to take precedence when every body about you knew that you had not a drop of good blood in your veins; and Celia again, stopping to look at Arthur, said, "It would be very nice, though, if he were a viscount—and his lordship's little tooth coming through! He might have been, if James had been an earl."

"My dear Celia," said the Dowager, "James's title is worth far more than any new earldom. I never wished his father to be any thing else than Sir James."

"Oh, I only meant about Arthur's little tooth," said Celia, comfortably. "But see, here is my uncle coming."

She tripped off to meet her uncle, while Sir James and Mr. Cadwallader came forward to make one group with the ladies. Celia had slipped her arm through her uncle's, and he patted her hand with a rather melancholy "Well, my dear!" As they approached, it was evident Mr. Brooke was looking dejected, but this was fully accounted for by the state of politics; and as he was shaking hands all round without more greeting than a "Well, you're all here, you know," the rector said, laughingly,

"Don't take the throwing out of the bill so much to heart, Brooke; you've got all the riff-raff of the country on your side."

"The bill, eh? Ah!" said Mr. Brooke, with a mild distractedness of manner. "Thrown out, you know, eh? The Lords are going too far, though. They'll have to pull up. Sad news, you know. I mean, here at home—sad news. But you must not blame me, Chettam."

"What is the matter?" said Sir James. "Not another gamekeeper shot, I hope? It's what I should expect when a fellow like Trapping Bass is let off so easily."

"Gamekeeper? No. Let us go in; I can tell you all in the house, you know," said Mr. Brooke, nodding at the Cadwalladers, to show that he included them in his confidence. "As to poachers like Trapping Bass, you know, Chettam," he continued, as they were entering, "when you are a magistrate, you'll not find it so easy to commit. Severity is all very well, but it's a great deal easier when you've got somebody to do it for you. You have a soft place in your heart yourself, you know—you're not a Draco, a Jeffreys, that sort of thing."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AT the meeting of the American Philosophical Society, December 20, Professor **MARSH**, of Yale College, gave an account of the extinct gigantic mammals which he had discovered in the eocene of Wyoming, and recently assigned to the new order *Dinocerea*. These animals were about as large as the elephant, and had limbs somewhat similar, as stated in the original description of the type species, *Tinoceras anceps* Marsh, which was found in 1870, and described in June, 1871. The skull in this group presents a most remarkable combination of characters. It is long and narrow, and supported two, and possibly three, pairs of horns. The top of the skull was concave, and on its lateral and posterior margin there was an enormous crest. There were large decurved canine tusks, resembling those of the walrus, but no upper incisors. The six premolar and molar teeth were quite small. Several species of these remarkable animals have already been described, but at present they can not all be distinguished with certainty. In addition to the type species already mentioned, Dr. **LEIDY** has described a characteristic specimen as *Uintatherium robustum*, and a canine tooth, apparently part of the same animal, under another name. The remarkable feature of the skull in this group was first indicated in the name *Tinoceras*, which the speaker had proposed for one of the genera. Professor **COPE** subsequently proposed the name *Eobasileus*, but, according to Professor **MARSH**, was mistaken in regard to the main characters of the skull. What he called incisors are canines; and the large horns he described are not on the frontals, but on the maxillaries. The top of the skull, moreover, is not convex, but concave, and the occiput is oblique, not vertical. Professor **MARSH** stated that he had described several species of this group, one of the most singular of which, *Dinoceras mirabilis* Marsh, was represented in the museum of Yale College by a nearly perfect skeleton, and portions of several others. In all of the species the limb bones differ considerably from those of proboscidians, while the skull is so totally unlike any thing hitherto known that he could not refer these extinct animals to that group, and hence had proposed for their reception the order *Dinocerea*.

An important contribution is made to the science of practical natural history by the publication of the report of the proceedings of the American Fish-culturists' Association since its organization, December 20, 1870. The society was called together at that time by certain persons interested in the subject, a constitution was adopted, and several gentlemen were invited to prepare reports upon different departments of fish-culture.

A second meeting was held at Albany on the 7th and 8th of February, 1872, on which occasion the circle of membership was greatly enlarged by the addition of many of the practical fish-breeders of the United States. The principal papers read at that time were, one by Mr. A. S. **COLLINS** on *Spawning Races for Brook Trout;* and on *Trout Culture*, by **LIVINGSTON STONE**. Dr. M. C. **EDMONDS** read a paper on the *Introduction of Salmon into American Waters;* and Mr. **WILLIAM CLIFT**, the president, one on *Shad Culture*. Mr. B. F. **BOWLES** read a paper on *Land-locked Salmon*. On motion of Mr. **GEORGE SHEPARD PAGE**, it was resolved that a committee of four, to include the president and secretary, be appointed to memorialize Congress on the subject of the creation by government of two or more fish-hatching establishments; one for salmon in the vicinity of Puget Sound, and the other, at some convenient point near the Atlantic coast, for the hatching of shad for the purpose of restocking our rivers. Mr. **GEORGE S. PAGE** and Dr. M. C. **EDMONDS** were appointed on this committee in addition to the president and secretary, Mr. **LIVINGSTON STONE**.

The suggestion was made by Hon. **HORATIO SEYMOUR** that efforts be made to introduce Chinese and other foreign fish into this country, and a committee of two besides the president was appointed to consider the subject. On this occasion it was resolved that the office of Mr. **PAGE**, No. 10 Warren Street, New York, should be the head-quarters of the association, and that the next annual meeting should be held there on the second Tuesday in February, 1873.

An appendix to the report contains much valuable information, both in the form of detailed facts connected with the food fishes, and in more elaborate reports. The titles of the latter have been already referred to in noticing the proceedings of the meeting: the former have reference to the age of trout; the introduction of American trout into England; the mode of rearing white-fish; the history of the salmon-breeding establishment on the Penobscot River, in Maine; fish-culture in California, etc.

Mr. **SETH GREEN**, the indefatigable fish-culturist, of the New York State establishment, has just completed a very important work in the way of securing specimens of eggs of lake trout and white-fish from Lake Ontario for the New York Commissioners. The work was begun by him in the latter part of September, in the vicinity of the islands near the Canada shore of the lake, the operations of the fishermen there during the spawning season, which commenced about the 1st of October, inducing the selection of that locality. By means of the hearty co-operation of the fishery authorities of the Dominion of Canada he was enabled to secure the assistance of the fish wardens of the coast, although to Mr. **PETER KIEL**, fish warden on Wolf Island, he especially acknowledges his indebtedness.

Mr. **GREEN** established two bases of operation—one at Presque Isle, and the other at Cape Vincent. He then stationed a force of men at the different fishing stations on the islands, who were instructed to go out in fishing boats to the nets and secure the eggs. The nets in which the fish are taken are situated from one to ten miles from the shore, and are visited daily by the fishermen; and when they were taken up, Mr. **GREEN** and his assistants selected such fish as were ready for manipulation. This consisted in squeezing the spawn from the belly of the female, and adding a sufficient quantity of the milt of the male fish for their impregnation. The eggs were then carried on shore, and from time to time removed in a sail-boat to Cape Vincent, where they were placed in the shad hatching boxes, and suspended in the St. Lawrence for a few days until a sufficient number had been accumulated, which were then taken to the State hatching house at Caledonia.

From Presque Isle the spawn was taken by steamer to Rochester, and that from Cape Vincent was carried by rail. Mr. **GREEN** made his own arrangements with the fishermen for permission to take such eggs as he wished. The season for spawning closed in 1872 about the 7th of November, at which time Mr. **GREEN** had taken all that he could conveniently hatch out during the winter. He estimates the number on hand, safely deposited in the State hatching house at Caledonia, at 3,000,000. At the temperature of the water of the Caledonia springs—, namely, 45°—it requires about seventy days to hatch the fish, and in about forty days after this the fish will have attained sufficient maturity, by the absorption of the yolk-bag, to permit their being introduced into the lake, after which they will take care of themselves.

An interesting paper upon certain peculiarities of the crania of the mound-builders has lately been published by Dr. J. W. **FOSTER**, in the *American Naturalist*, and contains an account of some very peculiar crania received by him from what is called Kennicott's Mound, near Chicago.

The twin peaks, known as Torrey's and Gray's peaks, the highest of the Rocky Mountains, as far as known (rising considerably over 14,000 feet), were last summer visited by their discoverer, Dr. C. C. **PARRY** (who first ascended and named them in 1862), and by the botanists whose names he attached to them. The occasion was made one of considerable ceremony on the part of the citizens of Georgetown, who were well aware of the scientific reputation of these gentlemen.

Dr. **PETERMANN** gives an account of an expedition which is now fitting out under the direction of the Geographical Society of Berlin for the purpose of proceeding to the west coast of Africa and exploring the regions to the north of the Congo, with a view of contributing to the solution of the Central African problem. According to **PETERMANN**, no more important exploring enterprise could be undertaken than the journey from Loando to the west coast of Africa. An additional inducement to this is the great success that has attended Dr. **SCHWEINFURTH**'s recent explorations; and the fact that Dr. **BASTIAN** is now at the head of the movement is an assurance that this labor will be prosecuted energetically, since he himself has acquired distinction in African exploration. In 1857 he proceeded from Loando to Ambassi, or San Salvador, the upper town of Congo, which had not been visited by any scientific traveler since the sixteenth century. The principal object he had in view was to become acquainted with the people and the country sufficiently to carry on an expedition along the Congo River, which he had had in contemplation for a long time.

A specimen which is interesting as throwing some light on the migrations of whales has been recently received from Mr. W. H. **DALL** by the Smithsonian Institution. It is the bone or ivory portion of the head of an Esquimau harpoon, which is labeled as having been taken out of a California gray whale (*Rhachianectes glaucus* Cope) in Scammon's Lagoon, on the Lower California coast, one of the great breeding localities of this species. The weapon had evidently been lost by some Esquimau whaleman on the coast of Alaska or the Aleutian Islands (probably the latter), and was recovered again in the semi-tropical waters of the western shores of Mexico.

The first results of the labors of the British Palestine exploring expedition have been received in three sheets of an ordnance map of the country, on the scale of one inch to a mile, based on an accurate trigonometrical survey, including the district between Jaffa and Jerusalem, and the country north of Jerusalem toward Nablous, and embracing an area of 560 square miles. The survey has been already completed over an area of about 1000 square miles, and further sheets may be soon expected.

The French government has lately struck a medal in commemoration of the discovery in 1868, by Dr. **JANSSEN** and Mr. J. N. **LOCKYER**, of the method of observing the sun's chromosphere without an eclipse. The medal bears, on the obverse, portraits of Dr. **JANSSEN** and Mr. **LOCKYER**, and on the reverse, the chariot of the sun, with Phœbus indicating the prominences round an uneclipsed sun.

The Sacramento *Record* contains a paragraph to the effect that during the past summer some Indians, while fishing in the Upper Sacramento, near the mouth of Pitt River, caught several fish of a kind entirely unknown to them. These, on being exhibited to Mr. **ESMORE**, residing on the river near that point, were pronounced by him to be genuine shad. It is well known that in June, 1871, **SETH GREEN** succeeded in transferring about 10,000 young shad from the Hudson River to the Upper Sacramento, and that strong hopes were entertained these might be the beginning of a supply of that fish in the Sacramento. They were not looked for, however, until the expiration of at least three years from the time of birth, which would be in 1874.

The Indians will doubtless regret as much as we do that the question was not placed beyond any doubt, as **SETH GREEN** offered $50 reward for the first shad caught in the river. We shall be glad to have any additional facts on this subject that may come to the knowledge of any of our correspondents in California, as the subject is of great interest and importance.

The United States exploring ship *Portsmouth*, which has been busily engaged in preparing for her cruise to the Pacific, has finally left for her destination. As already stated, her officers consist of Captain **JOSEPH R. SKERRETT**, in command; Lieutenant-Commander J. J. **READ**, executive officer; Lieutenant J. E. **NOEL**, navigator; Dr. **THOMAS H. STREETS**, assistant surgeon, together with other officers. She carries a crew of one hundred and thirty-seven men, with twenty-three ward-room officers. The scientific corps of the expedition is to consist of Messrs. **BYER** and **BEARDSLEY**, from the Hydrographic Office, Washington, Paymaster **HORACE P. TUTTLE** as astronomer, and Dr. **STREETS** as naturalist. The *Portsmouth* will carry three steam-launches for cruising around shoal places. Her armament will consist of four eight-inch guns on the gun-deck, one thirty-pound rifled Parrott, two twenty-two pound howitzers, and two twelve-pound howitzers.

Dr. **GILPIN**, of Halifax, communicates a very interesting and remarkable fact in regard to the natural history of the salmon and sea-trout of the Atlantic coast of Newfoundland. He is quite satisfied from his own observations that these fish, after running up the rivers in the spring to spawn, pass on up to the lakes that form the head waters, to spend the winter, or else run up specially from the sea for the purpose. He suggests that this may possibly be due to the limited extent of the salmon streams on that coast, the fish spawning only five, ten, fifteen, or thirty miles from the sea, their movements being between the months of March and November, some going up and others coming down, in different broods or ages.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ANY one who has visited the Library of Congress at Washington can not fail to have noticed the masses of books, pamphlets, newspapers, etc., in various stages of preparation for their proper location in the library, in full view and almost under the very feet of visitors. The apparent disorder which is always visible in certain portions of the room is by no means the fault of the librarian, but an absolute necessity arising from the limited space. There is no packing-room attached to the library, and the heavy receipt of books from all parts of the country, and all the cataloguing, labeling, and other attendant work consequent, make varied labors, which must of necessity go on directly under the public eye. In his last annual report the librarian urges the importance of Congress providing more ample accommodations for this large and constantly increasing library. Indeed, the present space will soon be wholly exhausted, and has long been inconveniently crowded. The annual enumeration of books in the library on the 1st of December, 1872, exhibits an aggregate of 246,345 volumes and about 45,000 pamphlets. During the year there was an addition of 9499 volumes, exclusive of copyright duplicates. But this number does not include pamphlets, periodicals, musical and dramatic compositions, engravings, maps, charts, and similar publications which are copyrighted; and the law requires that two copies of every copyrighted publication be deposited in the Library of Congress. The total number of articles received during 1872 at the library on account of copyright was 22,140. As books and pamphlets are constantly received from other sources, it is manifest that if the library is to be made conveniently accessible to the public, the most ample accommodations must be provided for its rapid growth and the multifarious labors inevitably connected with it.

On a bright, sunshiny morning it looks rather strange to see gentlemen going to their various places of business with umbrellas tucked under their arms. But they are wise; for "Old Probabilities" has said rain may be expected at night, and all have learned that it is worth while to heed his warnings.

Superheated steam—its nature, effects, and special dangers—has given rise to a hot controversy of words. Report says that Professor Tyndall, on being asked his opinion on the subject, made a very sensible suggestion. It was simply this, that those who are desirous of knowing the truth, instead of giving untested opinions, should apply to a practical chemist, who could solve the problem in his laboratory.

A company is to be formed in Brooklyn to be known as the "Holly-tree Coffee-house Company." The plan is to have a capital stock of ten thousand dollars, divided into shares of five dollars each. Some of the coffee-houses will soon be opened, and their successful management will doubtless aid the Brooklyn authorities in their efforts to abolish the gin-shops which flourish in various parts of the city.

The principals of some of the public schools in this city have adopted the precaution of drilling the scholars in military fashion for regular, orderly flight in case of fire or other emergency. The doors opening into the alley-ways are first closed, and at the sound of a bell the children, often numbering many hundred, rise to their feet; at the second touch of the bell they rush for the main stairway, each child having his or her place in the ranks. The results so far have been eminently satisfactory, even the smallest children proceeding in regular order.

Complaints concerning the weather seem not in the least to diminish the attendant unpleasantnesses. Snow, ice, rain, fog, and thaw follow each other in a series so remarkable that not even that notable "oldest inhabitant" ever knew the like. The clearing of the streets has been chiefly left to Dame Nature, and as no contract was made, the work was done at her own convenient time. Nevertheless she has managed to accomplish something in a far more satisfactory manner than those who were bound by contract to keep the thoroughfares of our city in a passable condition. The old adage, "A stitch in time saves nine," might as well be applied to our city streets as to a school-boy's trowsers. Snow can be much more easily removed immediately after it falls than to wait until pickaxes are needed to dig up the frozen masses of mingled snow, ice, and mud. What can be the use of delaying to perform a necessary duty until the patience of car, cart, stage, and carriage drivers is totally exhausted, until the wretched, overworked horses are wearied out, until every citizen has experienced a degree of inconvenience and suffering of which he has the right to complain, and to demand mitigation?

The Shah of Persia plans to make a tour through Europe next spring. He was born in 1830, and succeeded to the throne in 1848. He is an absolute monarch, and has a revenue amounting to $8,000,000 or $9,000,000, this being derived chiefly from taxes on land. The Grand Vizier of Persia is a person of great importance, and receives a large salary, but he is always exposed to capricious punishments, and even death, at the will of the Shah.

Statistics show that in the United States and in Switzerland there is one newspaper to every 6000 inhabitants; in Denmark there is one to every 8000; in Germany, Norway, and Holland, one to 18,000; in France, one to 20,000; in Sweden, one to 22,000; in England, one to 24,000; and in Belgium, one to 26,000. In other European countries there are far fewer newspapers in proportion.

A curious incident is related in a French paper as having occurred in a little village not far from Paris. Some bees were swarming on an oak-tree, and a wood-cutter named Guiot climbed the tree and cut off the extremity of the branch upon which the swarm hung. Instead of falling to the ground, however, the swarm dispersed and settled on the head of Guiot, who was still sitting on the branch forty feet from the ground. The by-standers believed that, tortured by the stings, he would fall to the ground. But with great presence of mind Guiot remained perfectly still 'till the swarm had formed two long wreaths hanging from his temples; then, half blinded by the insects, which also covered his face and body, he contrived to descend from his elevated position, taking the greatest care not to irritate this living mantle. When he reached the ground a hive was placed on his shoulder, but three hours elapsed before the bees would take possession of their new home. When this happy change was effected the poor wood-cutter's wild delight testified to the intensity of the anxiety and discomfort he had endured.

Apparently Stanley has eclipsed Livingstone, since the former's photograph sells in London for a shilling at the bookstores, while that of the long-lost African discoverer brings only half that amount.

The unseemly interruptions, the confusion, disorder, and oftentimes the rudeness which characterize the public debates of the present day contrast strongly with the moderation and decorum which existed in olden times. For example, many years ago in the Connecticut Assembly every member sat quietly in his seat unless he rose to address the chair. In that case he stood without speaking until recognized by the presiding officer. He then said, "Mr. Speaker," to which the chair responded, "Please to offer, Sir;" and after these formalities he commenced his speech. The confusing scene often witnessed upon the floor of the House of Representatives makes thoughtful lookers-on, if not the participants themselves, desire some return to the courtesy of olden times.

Massachusetts manages well: she makes her criminals pay for their living. The expenditures of the State-prison at Charlestown during the past year have amounted to $134,560 21, while the receipts have been $145,145 44, which gives a profit of $10,585 23.

Unmarried women in China can always be distinguished from matrons, as the hair is allowed to fall over the back in long tresses or in the form of a queue, or caught up at the back in a simple bow, fastened with silk cord. In Canton it takes the form of a plaited tail at the back, and a fringe of hair over the forehead. After marriage it is taken up and dressed into the form of a tea-pot, having its handle above the head. In Swatow it is made to resemble a bird resting on the crown of the head, or a horn bent backward, and rising from the back of the head. The Manchu or Tartar matron parts her hair in front, as our ladies do, while the back hair is done up in a huge bow adorned with flowers. Hair-dyes are unknown, as hair is uniformly black, becoming gray only in extreme old age.

The word "claret" is a corruption of the French "clairet"—a name given by French farmers to a very thin description of wine which is made on their estates for the use of their families. Hence the custom which prevails in England of calling all French wines "claret," no matter what the quality, is, strictly speaking, erroneous. The real "clairet," as originally known, is extremely weak.

A good story is told of the sculptor Powers. One day two Englishwomen entered his studio in Florence, richly dressed, but uncultured. The artist wore his working clothes. The visitors discussed in loud tones the various objects of art in the studio, and presently stopped before the statue called "California." One of them called out to Mr. Powers, "Come 'ere!" and he immediately obeyed the rude command.

"Do you speak Hinglish?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"What is this statue?"

"It is called 'California,' madam."

"What has she got in 'er 'and?"

"Thorns, madam, in the hand behind the back; in the other she presents the quartz containing the tempting metal."

"Oh!"

Soon afterward the ill-bred women paused before the bust of a lady, and the following comments were uttered:

"What an ugly face!"

"What a mean expression about the mouth!"

"Isn't it 'orrible?"

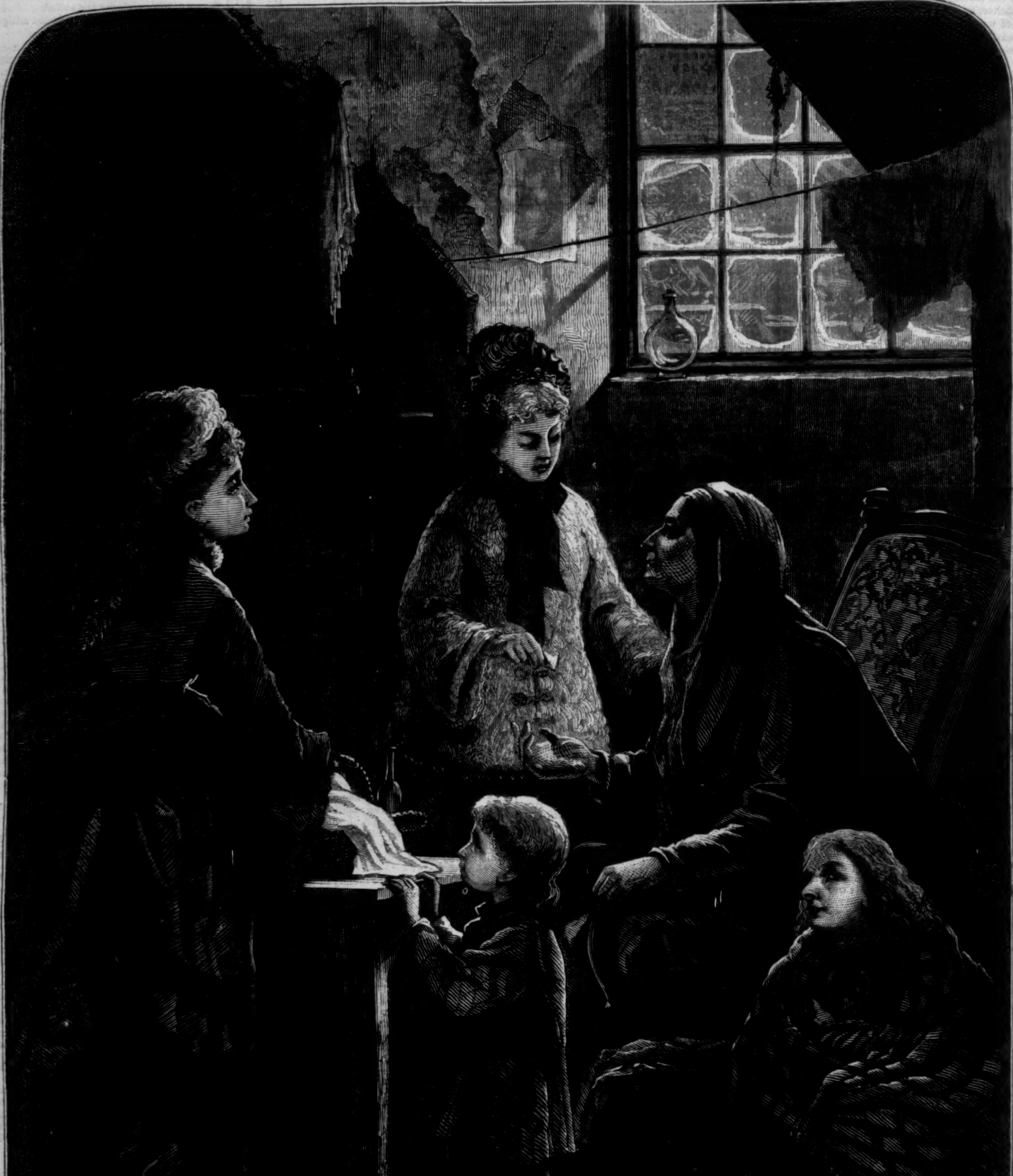
"Whose is it?" asked one of them, addressing Mr. Powers.

"That is a portrait of my wife," said the artist, modestly.

"Your wife!" repeated one of the women, and then, nothing abashed, added, "Who are you?"

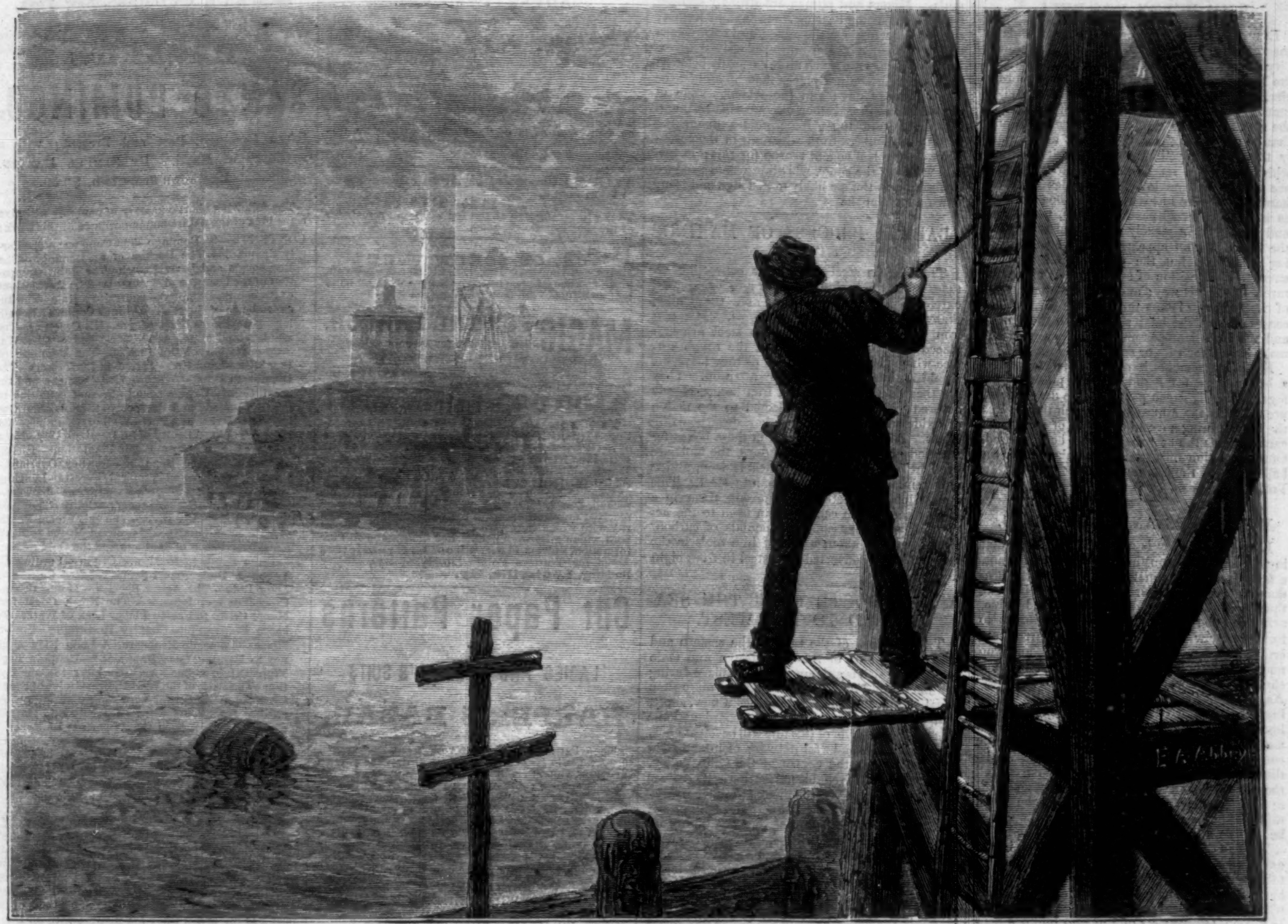
"My name is Powers, madam," he answered, very politely.

This discovery evidently disconcerted the impudence even of these visitors, and they immediately left the studio.

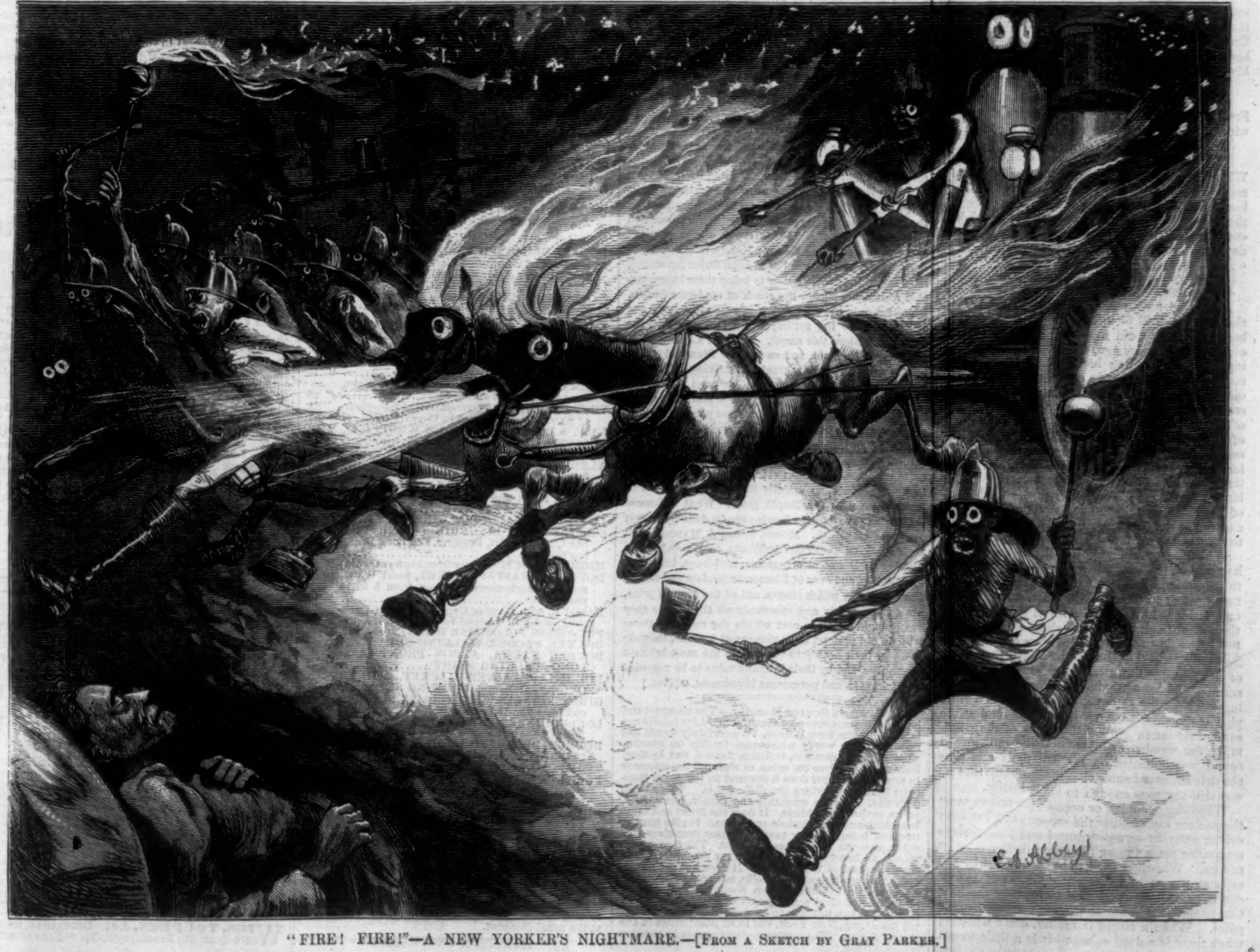


J. TAVERNIER

VISITING THE SICK.—[DRAWN BY JULES TAVERNIER.]



THE FOG-BELL.—DRAWN BY E. A. ABBEY.—[SEE PAGE 126.]



"FIRE! FIRE!"—A NEW YORKER'S NIGHTMARE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY GRAY PARKER.]

THE FERRY FOG-BELL.

EVERY New Yorker who has made the ferry passage to Brooklyn, Williamsburg, or Jersey City during the prevalence of a dense fog knows the dismal tolling of the bell on the end of the pier, which forms the only guide to the pilot. Standing out on the forward end of the boat as she starts from the slip, the passenger sees only that he can see nothing. The boat moves slowly through the yellow atmosphere, the steam-whistle uttering its discordant shrieks, which are answered from invisible whistles on every hand. The pilot in his elevated caboose watches intently to avoid passing vessels, which now and then loom in ghostly indistinctness through the mist. To all appearance the boat is drifting aimlessly; but the pilot, who knows the strength and position of every current and eddy, rarely misses his way; and after a while the pier of the ferry slip looms through the fog, the bell ceases tolling, the boat slides up to the bridge, and the impatient passengers jump ashore and make a rush for cars or stages.

Many experiments have been tried to perfect a better system for guiding the pilots during fogs, but no light can penetrate the dense moisture that fills the atmosphere at such times; and the bell, striking a certain number of strokes for each ferry, is the best that has yet been devised. Our illustration on page 125 is taken from the bell-tower at the Roosevelt Street Ferry, New York side.

WHISTLERS AND WHISTLING.

EVERY school-boy is a whistler in a way that involves a bit of acoustic philosophy; or, if not, a few trials ought to make him competent to produce fist music or fist whistling. Bring the thumbs of the two hands together, side by side, arranging the hands and the closed fingers to form a hollow cavity; blow into a narrow aperture left between the two thumbs, and you may, by a little dexterity, produce a loud sound, shrill or deep according to the force of the blast. As to another kind of sound, produced by blowing hard when two fingers are between the closed lips, we had better say nothing about it; it is naughty—the thieves' whistle. There is more connection between these kinds of finger-whistling and the small toy whistles of children and the dog-whistles known to sportsmen than might at first appear; a narrow orifice is he main thing concerned, whether the sides of the orifice be of bone and flesh, or of metal and wood.

There is an old superstition, which it is not easy to get to the bottom of, concerning a certain cry or sound heard in the night, supposed to be produced by the Seven Whistlers. What or who these whistlers are is an unsolved problem. In some rural districts of England they are popularly believed to be witches, in others ghosts, in others devils; while in the midland counties they are supposed to be birds, either plovers or martins—some say swifts. In Leicestershire it is deemed a bad omen to hear the Seven Whistlers, and old writers supply many passage illustrative of the popular credulity. Spenser, in his *Faerie Queene*, speaks of

> "The whistlers shrill,
> That who hears doth die."

Scott, in the *Lady of the Lake*, names the bird with which his character associated the cry:

> "And in the plover's shrilly strain
> The signal whistlers heard again."

When the colliers of Leicestershire are flush of money, we are told, and indulge in a drinking bout, they sometimes hear the warning voice of the Seven Whistlers; they get sobered and frightened, and will not descend the pit again till next day. Woodsworth speaks of a countryman who

> "The seven birds hath seen that never part,
> Seen the Seven Whistlers in their nightly rounds,
> And counted them."

A strange notion associates the Seven Whistlers, or the shrill birds of some indefinite number, with a very old myth of past days. One evening, some years ago, a gentleman was crossing a wide-spreading moor in Lancashire, in company with an elderly man belonging to the district. As they were passing along they were startled by the whistling overhead of a flight of plovers. The old man said that in the days of his youth the Lancashire hill-folk considered such an occurrence a bad omen, fortelling ill luck to the person who hears the whistling. Further questions brought out the fact that these birds are called the Wandering Jews—the bodies of the birds contain the souls of the Jews who assisted at the Crucifixion, and who are doomed to float in the air forever.

Whistling, or rather blowing through a whistle, has sometimes been adopted as a test whereby to determine whether a toper still retains soberness enough to blow a good blast. A drinking cup, fashioned by a silversmith at Nuremberg in the sixteenth century, was so shaped that it could not be set down on a table till quite emptied, nor filled unless held in the hand. When the mouth of the cup was downward, the bottom appeared surmounted by a windmill. The drinker, having emptied the cup or goblet, blew into a little pipe at the side, gave a shrill whistle, and at the same time set in motion the vanes of the windmill; the number of times that the mill turned round was indicated on a small dial; and thus the drinker could show visible testimony that he was still vigorous enough to blow lustily.

Whistling occupies, or occupied—sailors must themselves say whether the superstition has been driven away by screw-steamers and iron-clads—a peculiar place among the omens believed in by sailors. Whistling used to be considered by old salts as a sort of irreverent defiance of Providence, or, rather, as tending to provoke the Evil One to show his power in stirring up tempestuous gales. When a storm is raging, don't whistle; when there is a dead calm, whistle a little to encourage a gentle breeze—this seems to be the formula. Miners and pitmen are strongly smitten with a superstition bearing some analogy to this; they do not whistle in the mines, and express uneasiness when a visitor unconsciously does so. Invisible beings are much more earnestly believed in down in these dark places than up amidst the broad light of day; and those beings seem to consider whistling rather discourteous to themselves. As to the Alpine guides dissuading mountain climbers from whistling in dangerous places, there is a cogent reason for this; in certain states of the snow, whistling would produce a vibration in the air likely to dislodge and bring down an avalanche.

BARRON PROCESS OF MAKING STEEL.

THE Barron steel process for converting articles of cast iron into steel is now being used extensively both in Europe and the United States for the preparation of tools. The cast iron tools to be converted into steel are first placed in revolving drums, and the rough surface which the castings present as they leave the mould is thus worn smooth by attrition. They are then packed in layers in iron boxes, closely covered with clay, and subjected to the action of oxide of iron or some other decarbonizing agent. After being annealed in these boxes for a period of from three to six days, the tools are brought into the state of malleable iron, and it only remains to convert them into steel. This conversion is effected by exposing them in a large retort in the centre of an oven to the action of certain gaseous compounds of carbon. By this means about a ton of iron tools in the retort may be converted into steel in from eight to ten minutes.

A NEW ROUTE FROM THE SEA-BOARD TO THE WEST.

THE junction of the rails of the eastern and western divisions of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad (which is announced to take place during the month of January) is an event of more than usual significance, as it establishes a new, short, and easy route between the sea-board and the West. The benefits of this line will be felt at once, as it taps the wonderful network of inland river navigation near the centre of the Ohio Valley, and at the head of reliable navigation at its eastern side. The fertile West is unable to move its surplus products over the existing routes with profit; and the opening of another line combining all the advantages of a short line, light grades, cheap fuel, ever open water lines, and a genial climate, is a timely reinforcement to our hitherto insufficient means of transportation. The Road is under the control of eminent capitalists of New York and vicinity. Mr. C. P. HUNTINGTON. Vice-President of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, being also President of the Chesapeake & Ohio R. R. Co., its honorable and successful management is satisfactorily assured.

WATERS' CONCERTO PARLOR ORGANS.—In the autumn of 1871, the Concerto Parlor Organ was patented, and although only a year has since passed, it now holds a high place in public favor. The Concerto Parlor Organ is something entirely new; it is a beautiful parlor ornament, possesses a sweet and powerful tone, and is a most commendable invention.—*Evening Post*, N. Y.

DIAMONDS.

THE very name of the Diamond is so closely associated in most people's minds with the idea of costliness, that many persons who are fitted by their taste to enjoy the beauty of these pure and concentrated drops of light, imagine it to be out of the question that they should ever regale themselves with the possession even of a single stone. Yet what present can affection make of more lasting value? Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, in their establishment at 22 John Street (up stairs), have solved the problem how to bring these incomparable ornaments within the reach of moderate purses. It needed only the application of cultivated taste and artistic skill to the setting and arrangement of the stones to achieve this result. Between a Diamond of the first water unset, and an inferior Diamond unset, the difference is not only great, but striking. Between a Diamond of the first water well set, and a Diamond of inferior tone ill set, the difference is still more striking. But it has long been known that persons even of some experience in these matters may be deceived into mistaking an inferior for a first-water Diamond by a skillful setting of the former. Diamonds, for example, quite off color, have been set *azur*, or *a jour*—that is, in open settings, so artfully lined with silver as to make them pass for limpid gems. What dishonest tradesmen have done to deceive can be done by honest artists to embellish. Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, with their stock of first-water brilliants, have combined a number of Diamond ornaments, necklaces, bracelets, and the like, and even of Diamond solitaires and single-stone rings, in which stones, not of the highest price, are so judiciously and effectively set that, while they are brought by their cost within the reach of those who do not pretend to be persons of fortune, they are fitted by their beauty to be worn in the most brilliant assemblies, and by their intrinsic value to be regarded as a fair, safe, and permanent investment.—[*Com.*]

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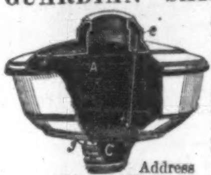

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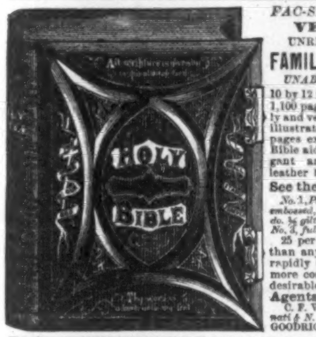

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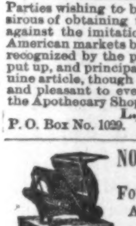

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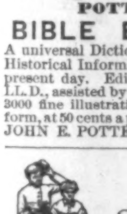

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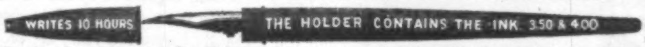
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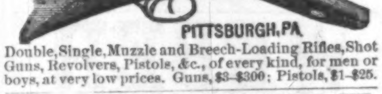

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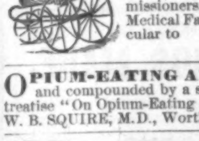

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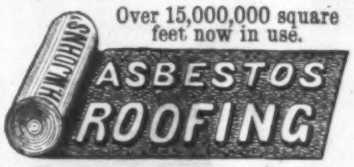

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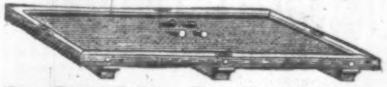

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THE FERRY FOG-BELL.

EVERY New Yorker who has made the ferry passage to Brooklyn, Williamsburg, or Jersey City during the prevalence of a dense fog knows the dismal tolling of the bell on the end of the pier, which forms the only guide to the pilot. Standing out on the forward end of the boat as she starts from the slip, the passenger sees only that he can see nothing. The boat moves slowly through the yellow atmosphere, the steam-whistle uttering its discordant shrieks, which are answered from invisible whistles on every hand. The pilot in his elevated caboose watches intently to avoid passing vessels, which now and then loom in ghostly indistinctness through the mist. To all appearance the boat is drifting aimlessly; but the pilot, who knows the strength and position of every current and eddy, rarely misses his way; and after a while the pier of the ferry slip looms through the fog, the bell ceases tolling, the boat slides up to the bridge, and the impatient passengers jump ashore and make a rush for cars or stages.

Many experiments have been tried to perfect a better system for guiding the pilots during fogs, but no light can penetrate the dense moisture that fills the atmosphere at such times; and the bell, striking a certain number of strokes for each ferry, is the best that has yet been devised. Our illustration on page 125 is taken from the bell-tower at the Roosevelt Street Ferry, New York side.

WHISTLERS AND WHISTLING.

EVERY school-boy is a whistler in a way that involves a bit of acoustic philosophy; or, if not, a few trials ought to make him competent to produce fist music or fist whistling. Bring the thumbs of the two hands together, side by side, arranging the hands and the closed fingers to form a hollow cavity; blow into a narrow aperture left between the two thumbs, and you may, by a little dexterity, produce a loud sound, shrill or deep according to the force of the blast. As to another kind of sound, produced by blowing hard when two fingers are between the closed lips, we had better say nothing about it; it is naughty—the thieves' whistle. There is more connection between these kinds of finger-whistling and the small toy whistles of children and the dog-whistles known to sportsmen than might at first appear; a narrow orifice is he main thing concerned, whether the sides of the orifice be of bone and flesh, or of metal and wood.

There is an old superstition, which it is not easy to get to the bottom of, concerning a certain cry or sound heard in the night, supposed to be produced by the Seven Whistlers. What or who these whistlers are is an unsolved problem. In some rural districts of England they are popularly believed to be witches, in others ghosts, in others devils; while in the midland counties they are supposed to be birds, either plovers or martins—some say swifts. In Leicestershire it is deemed a bad omen to hear the Seven Whistlers, and old writers supply many passage illustrative of the popular credulity. Spenser, in his *Faerie Queene*, speaks of

> "The whistlers shrill,
> That who hears doth die."

Scott, in the *Lady of the Lake*, names the bird with which his character associated the cry:

> "And in the plover's shrilly strain
> The signal whistlers heard again."

When the colliers of Leicestershire are flush of money, we are told, and indulge in a drinking bout, they sometimes hear the warning voice of the Seven Whistlers; they get sobered and frightened, and will not descend the pit again till next day. Woodsworth speaks of a countryman who

> "The seven birds hath seen that never part,
> Seen the Seven Whistlers in their nightly rounds,
> And counted them."

A strange notion associates the Seven Whistlers, or the shrill birds of some indefinite number, with a very old myth of past days. One evening, some years ago, a gentleman was crossing a wide-spreading moor in Lancashire, in company with an elderly man belonging to the district. As they were passing along they were startled by the whistling overhead of a flight of plovers. The old man said that in the days of his youth the Lancashire hill-folk considered such an occurrence a bad omen, fortelling ill luck to the person who hears the whistling. Further questions brought out the fact that these birds are called the Wandering Jews—the bodies of the birds contain the souls of the Jews who assisted at the Crucifixion, and who are doomed to float in the air forever.

Whistling, or rather blowing through a whistle, has sometimes been adopted as a test whereby to determine whether a toper still retains soberness enough to blow a good blast. A drinking cup, fashioned by a silversmith at Nuremberg in the sixteenth century, was so shaped that it could not be set down on a table till quite emptied, nor filled unless held in the hand. When the mouth of this cup was downward, the bottom appeared surmounted by a windmill. The drinker, having emptied the cup or goblet, blew into a little pipe at the side, gave a shrill whistle, and at the same time set in motion the vanes of the windmill; the number of times that the mill turned round was indicated on a small dial; and thus the drinker could show visible testimony that he was still vigorous enough to blow lustily.

Whistling occupies, or occupied—sailors must themselves say whether the superstition has been driven away by screw-steamers and iron-clads—a peculiar place among the omens believed in by sailors. Whistling used to be considered by old salts as a sort of irreverent defiance of Providence, or, rather, as tending to provoke the Evil One to show his power in stirring up tempestuous gales. When a storm is raging, don't whistle; when there is a dead calm, whistle a little to encourage a gentle breeze—this seems to be the formula. Miners and pitmen are strongly smitten with a superstition bearing some analogy to this; they do not whistle in the mines, and express uneasiness when a visitor unconsciously does so. Invisible beings are much more earnestly believed in down in these dark places than up amidst the broad light of day; and those beings seem to consider whistling rather discourteous to themselves. As to the Alpine guides dissuading mountain climbers from whistling in dangerous places, there is a cogent reason for this; in certain states of the snow, whistling would produce a vibration in the air likely to dislodge and bring down an avalanche.

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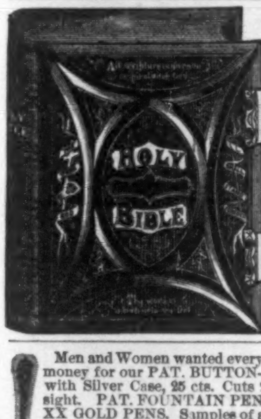

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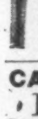

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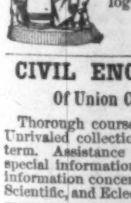

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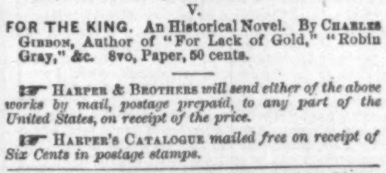

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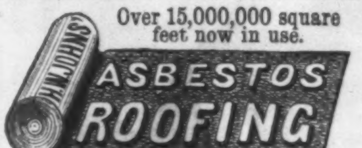
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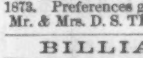

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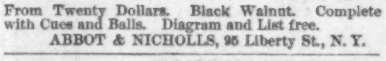

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